THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME X. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1877. NUMBER 41.

Haroun Al Raschid.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

One day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said:

"Where are the kings, and where the rest
Of men who once the world possessed?

"They're gone with all their pomp and show,
They're gone the way thou shalt that go.

"Oh thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world calls fair,

"Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end!"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head;
Then tears fell upon the page he read.

—*St. Nicholas Magazine.*

By Private Telephone.

(*A Dialogue of the Day-after-To-morrow.*)

INTERLOCUTORS.

Angelina (*out of Town for the Season.*)
Edwin (*in a populous City pent.*)

Angelina. I've read the last page of the latest Miss Braddon,
I've strummed the piano until I am tired;
I've sung—to myself—the last song you went mad on,
I've done up my hair in the way you admired;
And still it is raining, a down-pour quite steady,
The sky won't oblige with the least bit of blue.
I'm bored beyond bearing; and so, my dear Eddy,
My thoughts and my telephone straight turn to you.

Edwin. *En dernier ressort*, dear?

Angelina. Now do not be spiteful; I'm really too tired to be talked to like that.

Edwin. Well, the chance of a chat is supremely delightful.

Angelina. That's very much nicer. Pray what are you at in your den at this moment?

Edwin. Inquisitive darling! How needless a question? I'm talking to you.

Angelina. Now don't be evasive; and, if you get snarling, I'll shut up the tube, and go—flirting.

Edwin. Pray do.
Is the flirtee at hand? (*Pausa longa.*)

Angelina (*timidly*). Are you there, Mr. Haughty?

Edwin (*coolly*). Oh, yes! Was just off for a turn in the park.

Angelina. No, don't; and I'll promise I'll not be so naughty.

Edwin. 'Tis I was a brute!

(*Sounds of a somewhat inarticulately labial character are conveyed through the instrument.*)

Angelina (*after an interval*). You were pleased to remark?—

Edwin. That if some clever hand could contrive an invention
By which *lips* might meet through—

Angelina. You're very absurd.

Edwin. You think so? Assure you 'twas not my intention.
But there, it is much that your voice may be heard
In my den in the Temple, though you are at Dover.
Now what would Leander have thought of this scheme?

Angelina. Disdained it, of course. Ah! that youth was a lover.
Miss Hero must luckyl!

(*Wafts a telephonic sigh from Dover to the Temple.*

Edwin (*fortissimo*). Why Styx's own stream
Should not keep me from you, if—

Angelina. Ah! if! That's a barrier
Far worse than the channel—to Cavill or Webb.

Edwin. Do you think 'tis from choice that in town I'm a tarrier?
'Tis fate, and the burden of "Jinks *versus* Jobb."

Angelina. Oh! is *that* what you're doing? Poor fellow!

Edwin. Your pity,
Conveyed through long leagues in mellifluous tones,
Brings balm to this prisoner pent in the city.

Angelina. The weather is clearing; that handsome De Jones
With his drag's at the door. We are going out driving.

Edwin. That Jones is a—

Angelina. Hush! Telephonic abuse
Is an insult to science.

—*London Punch.*

Old Heads and Young Hearts.

"Do I look nice, Auntie?"

The speaker was standing before a full-length mirror, her pretty head twisted to one side to survey multitudinous flounces of white tulle over pale blue silk, constituting the elaborate evening dress covering her slender, graceful figure. Clusters of blue flowers with snowy leaves caught the dress at the puffed overskirt, formed a bouquet de corsage, and were twisted in the profusion of golden curls.

"You look very nice, my dear."

Miss Delia Merriman had taken a long survey of the exquisite face before she spoke, and was satisfied with the appearance or her young and lovely protege.

"Very nice," she repeated, "Hortense has fitted you perfectly, and the dress is most becoming. Now, if you will get my jewel case, you shall wear my pearls."

"Thanks!" cried Elsie, carefully lifting the heavy casket, and putting it on a table beside Miss Merriman. "I am so sorry you have such a cold! This will be a splendid party, I know. Ah! Auntie," she continued, opening a small box in the jewel case, "I never saw this!"

She held up as she spoke a slender chain, from which depended a gold locket, upon whose surface gleamed one pearl of great beauty, pure and large.

"Oh, how lovely," Elsie cried, clasping the chain around her slender throat. "May I wear it?"

Miss Merriman was moved, as the locket was held up before her. Some strong memory stirred her usually placid features, for the soft brown eyes grew troubled, and her lips quivered.

"Would you rather I took it off," Elsie asked, gently.

"No, dear, you may wear it. Put in the solitaire pearl earrings. I hear the carriage. Do not keep Mr. Jamieson waiting."

"I wish you were going," Elsie said, as Miss Merriman wrapped a warm opera cloak over the delicate dress. "I never feel so happy if you are at home."

"Thank you, dear. Now run along."

So Elsie, already forgetting the locket and the troubled face, kissed hers o-called aunt warmly, and flitted away.

For Miss Delia Merriman, who had inherited thirty thousand pounds from a second cousin, greatly to her own amazement, was not Elsie Garman's aunt. Nineteen years before, she had closed the eyes of the girl's dead mother, lifted a week-old babe to her own bosom, and taken her home. Not to such luxuries as now surrounded her—not to ball dresses, pearls and gaiety—but to a small room in a lodging house. Here for twelve long years she had denied herself every luxury of life, many comforts, to provide food for the child, to clothe her comfortably, to send her to school. She was but a girl herself—scarcely twenty in those days—earning her bread by making artificial flowers, and working early and late to keep the room tidy, cook the simple food and do the necessary sewing, when she was not working at her trade.

But when wealth came, suddenly and unexpectedly, flooding Elsie's life with sunshine, Miss Delia altered little from her former self. True, she had leisure time, could open her kind hands in charity where before she had only given her warm, tender sympathy, but as she had been in poverty quiet, gentle and ever sad, so in prosperity the same calm gravity rested upon lip and brow, the same deep sadness lurked in the soft brown orbs.

Though but forty, her hair was somewhat streaked with gray, and premature age was the fruit of a toilful life and sorrowful heart. Yet she was lovely still, and goodness ever beamed from her sad, pitying glance.

After Elsie had left her she put aside the jewel case and sat musing before the fire. She had made it one of her duties to her adopted child to accompany her, after introduction to society, to all scenes of gaiety. But a severe cold had rendered exposure to the night air an imprudence on this, the evening of Mrs. Walton's large party, and Elsie had joined the family of a friend.

Memory was very busy in Delia Merriman's heart as she sat over the fire during Elsie's absence—so busy that she started as if from a dream when the carriage rolled to the door as the mantel clock chimed two.

There were words of parting, then light steps on the stairs, and Elsie came in, not as usual, full of bright animation, but with an earnestness of purpose quite unusual to her.

"Did you have a pleasant evening, dear?" Miss Delia asked.

"Yes—no—I don't know. Are you very tired?"

The last words were all of the disconnected answer the girl seemed able to give, on account of her emotion.

"No, dear! Why, Elsie, love, what is it?"

For she was looking troubled.

"I have a message for you, auntie."

"For me?"

"From a stran er who was at Mrs. Walton's, Mr. Carrington—Ralph Carrington."

Delia Merriman rose to her feet. She tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"Auntie," the girl cried, terrified, "Don't look so—don't!"

"The message?" she whisperod.

"He told me to tell you that the man who killed Henry Garman was Charles Ralston, the cashier of the Hope Bank, who has confessed his guilt. He said: 'Tell Miss Merriman that to-morrow I will see her.' Auntie," Elsie continued urgently, "what does it mean? Was not Henry Garman my father?"

"Yes, child. It means," Miss Merriman said solemnly, "that the cross that for twenty years has lain upon my life is lifted to-night. You shall know all, Elsie, at once. I will not send you to a sleepless bed, child, with your heart so troubled. But give me a few moments to think of your tidings, and tell me how this message came to be intrusted to you."

"Mrs. Walton came to me late in the evening, and asked permission to introduce Mr. Carrington. I had noticed a stranger, who looked at me very earnestly."

"A tall, handsome man, with curling brown hair and pleasant features, wearing a full beard of waving golden brown?"

"No. A tall, grave man, with stern features, smoothly shaven, and hair almost white—quite an old man."

"True! true! I had forgotten. He must be fifty-five."

"When he was introduced to me, he touched the locket upon my neck. 'Pardon me he,' he said, 'if I am too curious; but your name and that trinket are connected with so much of my life that I venture to ask you something concerning them. The locket first. Did not somebody give it to you—a lady?' His looks were so eager that I told him the locket was yours. Then he led me on, little by little, till I told him my whole life. He said he had been here two months seeking you. He did not look for a wealthy woman, but one poor and solitary. Then I informed him how poor we had been; and about your cousin, and how you had lavished every good thing on me. And then, auntie, he whispered, half to himself, that I had no claim on you. What did he mean? Are you not my aunt?"

"No, dear, there is no tie of blood between us. Your claim is the claim of love, for you have been the one comfort, the one sunshine of my lonely life. Twenty years ago, Elsie, Ralph Carrington gave me the locket you have upon your neck, a gift of betrothal, for we loved each other truly and were engaged to be married. I was a poor girl, making artificial flowers for bread, an orphan, too. He was assistant cashier of the bank, where your father was night watchman, and Charles Ralston was head cashier. Ralston was in love with me, and pursued me with unwelcome attentions.

"One day, to rid myself of his importunities, I told him I had promise to marry Ralph. He left me in a rage. Only one week later the bank was entered at night, your father shot through the heart, and Ralph Carrington discovered in the vault trying to revive him. He was arrested and tried. He told a story, not credited, that Charles Ralston had sent him from his house to the bank for papers, after keeping him busy there over the books all the evening. But Ralston swore that he had not been at home that evening; and proved it; that the keys of the vault safe, found hanging in the keyhole, were stolen from his desk, and he had not sent his clerk to the bank. So Ralph was convicted and sentenced. He escaped! Elsie, I had saved fifty pounds for my wedding garments. I went to see him in prison, and, knowing he was innocent, I gave him the money to bribe the keeper of his cell. The man took it, and Ralph was free. I have never known if he lived or died until to-night.

"After he was gone your mother was taken ill. Before her marriage she had worked for the same establishment where I was employed, and I knew her well. The shock of her husband's death was too severe for her, and she never rose again from her bed, though she lived three months. When she died I promised you should be my charge, and never know the shadow upon your life till you were a woman."

Elsie was sobbing quietly, often lifting to her lips the gentle hand that had given her all she had ever experienced of life's blessings.

There was a long silence after Miss Merriman ceased speaking, and the gray dawn was creeping in at the windows when, softly kissing her, Aunt Delia told Elsie to go to rest.

But for herself there was no rest. Feverishly, with an agitation altogether unlike her usual quiet, she waited the coming of her lover who had fled from his unjust sentence twenty years before, but who was free now and his innocence known. The day was young, and Elsie was sleeping still when he came.

Delia was waiting for him in the drawing-room. There was no affectation of youth in her silver gray silk, and the square of black lace upon her soft hair; but instead of a brooch, there fell upon the knot of ribbon at her throat the pearl locket Ralph had given his betrothed. She stood up to greet the stern-faced, elderly man who advanced to meet her, trying to find traces of her lover. Not till he smiled tenderly did she recognize him.

Then, her own eyes dim with tears, she said, softly: "You are more than welcome, I am rejoiced the cloud is lifted from your life, Ralph!"

And he, holding the trembling hand fast in his strong ones, answered: "I have found you at last. I began to fear you were dead, Delia. My little love, my darling!"

"Ralph," she said, the bright blush rising to her faded cheek, "you forget we are gray haired, elderly people?"

"I forget everything but that you are here, that the hope that has seemed a dream of madness for twenty years is realized. I have been in California, Delia, all these years, amassed wealth, under another name, working for gold to drown thought. I have led a busy life, but there has not been one hour when I have not pictured such happiness as this. You are mine, Delia; you will not send me from you? You will be my wife?"

"If you wish it," she said, softly, her own faithful heart thrilling under the sincerity of his tone, "I have never ceased to love you or to pray for you, Ralph."

Society speculated upon the brief courtship, for there was a quiet wedding within a month, but nobody knew of the painful past save Elsie, the cherished child still of Ralph Carrington and Delia, his wife.

Wakened to Die.

Pierre Jean Welker, the odious assassin of a little girl in the Rue Nationale, Paris—she was eight, and he strangled her with her skipping-rope and went to sleep, using her corpse as his pillow—has been guillotined. The warrant designated as the hour "about 5.30 A. M.," and somewhat after midnight the machine arrived and was noiselessly set up with wooden screws, only about 150 persons being attracted to the scene beside the military and police. One of them was a woman. It was 4:48 when Mr. Roch had everything in working order and tried the fall of the ax; then he and his assistants, Jacob, the chief of the detective service, and the Abbe Crozes, who has accompanied so many scores of murderers to the guillotine, and whose hack, No. 148, is as much a part of the procession as M. Roch's van, entered the prison. Welker was a fearful coward, who had wept and moaned and torn his hair when sentence was passed and when he was placed in the condemned cell, but he believed the merciful falsehood that forty days must elapse before carrying out of sentence, which jail attendants always tell to confiding prisoners; and thinking he had still some time left to him, and also having faith that his petition for mercy would be heard, he had gotten over his terror, ate freely and slept soundly. So soundly was he sleeping this morning that neither the opening of his cell door nor the light of the lanterns disturbed him. Jacob shook him by the shoulder, and the clerk said loudly: "Wake up, Welker, your petition has been rejected; you must prepare to die." A horrible sound, half the cry of a wild beast, half a death-rattle, issued from the man's throat, and he fell back on his bed, convulsively biting the coverlet. "Have you anything to say? Do you want some brandy?" asked Jacob; but Welker did not hear him, and lay racked by convulsive shudders. He was lifted out of bed and made a vain effort to draw on his trowsers, but he could not stand and tumbled again upon his couch. The veins of his forehead and temples stood out like knotted cordage, his eyes were filmy, his jaw had fallen and a cold sweat was pouring down his ashy face. The Abbe Crozes spoke to him earnestly; Roch asked: "Do I hurt you?" as he bound his hands, but Welker made no answer, heard nothing, was as one dead. Indeed the attendants were urged to make haste or he would die of fright in their hands. Two of them had to carry him out with his arms around their necks, his head hanging on the right shoulder, and his legs trailing on the stones behind him. The priest walked backwards before him to shut out the sight of the machine of death, but the merciful precaution was needless. Welker knew nothing. His body fell upon the plank like a bag of sand, and a moment later the ax fell. Owing to the difficulty of placing the inert body in position, the ax shored away the head diagonally, taking off a part of one shoulder, and leaving a part of the jaw attached to the other. So large was the murderer's skull that it got jammed in the bucket into which it fell and could only be shaken out by pounding on the inverted vessel. It was 4:48 when the officers entered the prison to take out their man; It was 5.06 when the ax fell, the time occupied being three minutes less than was taken in the case of Billoir. Roch thinks that with all circumstances favoring him he can reduce the time to twelve minutes—that is to say, there will be for the criminal an interval of less than ten minutes between sleep and death. But how many ages of mental agony in those ten minutes!

The Wonderful Dog of Cohoes.

Morrison, Colwell & Page have in connection with their rolling mill at Cohoes, N. Y., a large stable for their large stock of horses. Two watchmen guard this stable day and night and care for the horses. Besides the watchmen a large dog, a cross between the St. Bernard and Newfoundland species, is kept on the premises. This animal realizes that he is assistant guardian of the premises and faithfully does he perform his duties. At night if anything amiss happens to the horses or anything else he straightway starts for the watchman and taking his trousers in his teeth will not loosen his hold until he has led him to the spot. Formerly, when any of the horses slipped their halters and attempted to wander about the stable, he would drive them back into their stall and mount guard over them until the watchman arrived in his rounds and secured them. This practice was kept up until in an unlucky night, some time ago, when he attempted to drive a vicious mule into his stall from which he had escaped, when the animal let fly with both hind feet, one of which took effect on the poor dog's head, knocking out a number of teeth and cutting his face badly. Since that time the knowing dog has not attempted to drive back any of his equine charge that may become loose but straightway goes to the watchman on guard. At one time some loose straw and hay laying in the rear of and against the barn by some means caught fire. When discovered the faithful dog was at his post, and standing in fire and smoke was scratching away with all his might, removing the burning mass from the building and barking lustily for aid. Although the dog was burned somewhat, the building, mainly through his efforts, was saved. The gentlemen owning the animal prize him highly and would not exchange his services as watchman for any biped in creation.

Photographing the Heart-Beat.

One of the most remarkable applications of photography is that by which it is now made to register, and in the most accurate manner, the mechanical motion of the heart. The device by which this result is attained is, indeed, a triumph of inventive skill. It consists of a thin india-rubber bag, to which a short glass tube is attached, sufficient mercury is poured into the apparatus to fill the bag and a portion of the tube, and the instrument is then placed over the heart of the person to be examined. Arranged in this manner, every pulsation of the heart is indicated by a corresponding movement of the mercury in the tube, and, by suitable photographic apparatus, provided with a moving-sensitive slip of paper, a perfect registration of the extent and rate of the pulsations is obtained. The interesting fact is made known by this process, that the fall of the pulse sometimes takes place in successful horizontal lines, and sometimes in ascendant lines, the column reascending two or three times before falling altogether.

If you don't want to be robbed of your good name, do not have it painted on your umbrella.

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

The Sad Story of the Death of a Young Wife in London—A Tale of Starvation and Terrible Cruelty Ventilated in the Courts.

Olive Logan writes from London to the New York *Graphic*, giving the details of the Penge mystery, the trial of four young people for the murder by starvation of a fifth, a woman, the wife of one of the four. The trial created an extraordinary sensation, and the court-room was crowded daily. The correspondent says:

The murdered woman, whose Christian name was Harriet, came up to London from her home in the country four years ago. She was highly connected. She was a niece of Lady Rivers. Her stepfather is a clergyman. Her own father had a good position. Her mother is a lady. From various sources Harriet was entitled to the sum of $15,000 on her marriage. She was of rather weak intellect, easily influenced by any one to whom she took a fancy, and she was thirty-five years old.

She stopped in London at a boarding-house, and there made the acquaintance of a young man, Louis Staunton, a good-looking fellow, clerk to an auctioneer. He informed himself of her financial prospects, and immediately offered her marriage, though he was more than ten years younger than she was. She accepted, and the astonished mother in the country hurried up to town, took in at a glance what sort of a man the young auctioneer's clerk was, and his motive for marrying her daughter. She made an effort to reobtain control over Harriet by trying to prove her of unsound mind; but she was not succesful in this, and Louis Staunton took his wife away. Her mother never laid eyes on her again, dead or living.

Louis had a brother inhabiting a lonely place in Kent, and he now pleads that he paid to this brother £1 a week for his wife's support. The brother's wife had a young sister, Alice Rhodes, and behold them all living together in the same house—the two couples comfortably; the discarded wife, whose £3,000 have been duly obtained, confined in a dark cellar beneath, without food, fire or necessaries for cleanliness. A servant named Clara Brown, a sort of remote poor relative waits on the lot, and one day when the milkwoman was at the door, a ghastly spectacle of filth and emaciation came peering up toward the light from the basement below, giving the milkwoman as great a fright as if it had been a ghost, and Clara Brown flew toward the gaunt intruder, shrieking, "Go back! Go down stairs! I'll give it you!" The poor, hunted thing fled away with the wild look of fear in her mournful eyes. "Do you speak like that to a lady?" asked the milkwoman. "She's no more a lady than you or I," answered Clara Brown. "Who is she?" Master's sister." The milkwoman never dreamed she was Louis Staunton's wife. How could she? Alice Rhodes was Mrs. Louis Staunton to all who knew them thereabout.

Now, this unhappy creature gave birth to a child. The child was seen about the house by several people; all thought it either Alice's baby or her sister's—Mrs. Patrick Staunton. One day, however, this child was missing. Patrick Staunton had taken it up to London and placed it in a hospital. The Sister of Charity who received the babe told him that it was dying of *starvation*, which seemed to have been going on since its birth. He replied that he knew nothing of that, for the child was nothing to him—it was the child of a carpenter named Harris, whom he had promised as a favor to bring the sick child to a London hospital. He was told he must fetch proper clothes for it. He called the next day. The child had died during the night. He promised to call again. He never did. The child was buried by the hospital authorities, registered as "Harris."

We must change the scene now and find these Stauntons and Alice Rhodes looking for lodgings at Penge, a suburb near the Crystal Palace. They engaged a sitting-room and bedroom at the rate of $3 a week, and told the landlady that the lady was ill who was to occupy them, and would probably not be able to come over from the railway station before morning. She left the front door open that they might the more easily go in and out, and at ten o'clock in the evening, to her surprise, on going up to her new lodgers' rooms, she found the sick woman lying in bed. She had been brought in the house without noise or warning. The landlady insisted on their having a doctor, and after some hesitation Alice Rhodes and Louis Staunton went out and called on the nearest physician, Dr. Lougrigg. He came and saw the patient, but she could not speak. He remarked the extreme filthiness of the body, and asked who had been her previous medical attendant. They gave the name of a physician near their own home, but who in reality never attended her.

When the landlady at Penge was cleaning her doorsteps the next morning the undertaker came up and asked to be allowed to go up-stairs and measure the corpse. The good woman was astonished, and directed him to another house, where there had been sickness, thinking he had made a mistake in the number. She then hurried up-stairs and rapped at the door of the sitting-room. Alice Rhodes answered it, and in reply to her question, said: "Yes, she is gone." A woman came from the undertaker's to wash the body. The filth of it was something indescribable. The feet were horny, indicating that she had been long without shoes. Her hair was matted and impossible to comb. In disgust the woman abandoned the task of cleansing the body. Louis Staunton gave her a sovereign not to mention in what condition it was. When the undertaker came to coffin the corpse he was stopped by the law, Dr. Longrigg having given notice to the authorities, after a post-mortem examination which disclosed evidences of long-continued starvation. Louis Staunton's assertion that his wife was of intemperate habits was distinctly falsified by the autopsy. Drunkards have a large liver. This organ in Harriet Staunton was shrivelled and shrunken to nothing almost. After due inquiry the whole four people were committed to stand their trial for wilful murder. They had been in jail but a few days when both women were delivered in their cells of children, Mrs. Patrick Staunton of twins. The babes were taken from their mothers, that being the prison law. One of the twins died.

The fearful catastrophe ends with the bloodthirsty vengeance of the Mosaic law. The jury has found them all to be guilty of wilful murder, and when the black-capped judge pronounced their sentence of death by hanging, "and may the Lord have mercy on your souls," nearly the whole court murmured, "Amen." The women are to be recommended to mercy. Alice Rhodes cried out in leaving the dock: "I am innocent of it all!"

We listen to those whom we know to be of the same opinion as ourselves, and we call them wise for being of it; but we avoid such as differ from us; we pronounce them rash before we have heard them, and still more afterward, lest we should be thought at any time to have erred.

Greenland has no cats. Imagine cats in a country where the nights are six months long!

A Fight for a Redoubt.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who dates his letter from the left wing of the Loftcha road, writes:

The redoubt Skobeleff was attacking was a double redoubt in the bend of the Loftcha road down near Plevna. He had advanced his troops down the slope of the mountain to within easy range. As the Turks immediately opened fire upon him from the redoubt he returned the fire with unsteadiness and precision, putting his men under cover as much as possible, his cannon pouring a steady stream of shell and canuister into the redoubt as well. For three hours he kept up this fire, and just after Kriloff's second repulse, the Turkish fire having somewhat relaxed, dominated by the Russian, he thought the moment had come for making the assault. He had four regiments of the line, and four battalions of sharpshooters. Still keeping up his murderous fire, he formed under its cover two regiments, the Vladimirski and the Zooxolski, in the little hollow at the foot of the low hill on which was built the redoubt, together with two battalions of sharpshooters, not more than twelve hundred yards from the scarp. Then, placing himself in the best position for watching the result, he ceased fire and ordered the advance. He ordered the assaulting party not to fire, and they rushed forward with their guns on their shoulders, with music playing and banners flying, and disappeared in the fog and smoke. Skobeleff is the only general who places himself near enough to feel the pulse of a battle.

The advancing column was indistinctly seen, a dark mass in the fog and smoke. Feeling, as it were, every throb of the battle, he saw this line begin to waver and hesitate. Upon the instant he hurled forward a rival regiment to support, and again watched the result. This new force carried the mass further on with its momentum, but the Turkish redoubt flamed and smoked, and poured forth such a torrent of bullets that the line was again shaken. Skobeleff stood in this shower of balls unhurt. All his escort were killed or wounded, even to the little Kirghiz, who received a bullet in the shoulder. Again he saw the line hesitate and waver, and he flung his fourth and last regiment, the Libausky, on the glacis. Again this new wave carried the preceding ones forward, until they were almost on the scarp; but that deadly shower of bullets poured upon them; men dropped by hundred, and the result still remained doubtful. The line once more wavered and hesitated. Not a moment was to be lost, if the redoubt was to be carried.

Skobeleff had now only two battalions of sharpshooters left, the best in his detachments. Putting himself at the head of these, he dashed forward on horseback. He picked up the stragglers; he reached the wavering, fluctuating mass, and gave it the inspiration of his own courage and instruction. He picked the whole mass up, and carried it forward with a rush and a cheer. The whole redoubt was a mass of flame and smoke, from which screams, shouts, and cries of agony and defiance arose, with the deep-mouthed bellowing of the cannon, and, above all, the steady, awful crash of that deadly rifle fire. Skobeleff's sword was cut in two in the middle. Then a moment latter, when just on the point of leaping the ditch, horse and man rolled together to the ground, the horse dead or wounded, the rider untouched. He sprang to his feet with a shout, then with a formidable, savage yell, the whole mass of men streamed over the ditch, over the scarp and counterscarp, over the parapet, and swept into the redoubt like a hurricane. Their bayonets made short work of the Turks still remaining. Then a joyous cheer told that the redoubt was captured, and that at last one of the defenses of Plevna was in the hands of the Russians.

Skobeleff seemed to be the only one among the Russian generals who has studied the American war with profit. He knows it by heart; and it will be seen by those who have studied the great civil war that, in this assault, Skobeleff followed the plan of the American generals on both sides when attempting to carry such positions, to follow up the assaulting column with fresh troops, without waiting for the first column to be repulsed. If the position proves too strong for the first column, then reinforcements are at hand before they have time to break and run.

At sunrise the Turks began an attack upon the captured redoubt, and the storm of battle again raged with fury here, while all was quiet everywhere else. The desperate attacks of the Turks were repulsed. Another attack was made, another repulse; and this continued all day long until the Turks had attacked and been beaten five successive times. The Russian losses were becoming fearful. General Skobeleff had lost, he thinks, 2,000 men in attacking the redoubt. By the afternoon he had lost 3,000 more in holding it, while his battalions shriveled up and shrank away as if by magic. One battalion of sharpshooters had been reduced to 160 men. A company which had been 150 was now forty. An immense proportion of officers were killed. Only one commander of a regiment is alive; scarcely a head of a battalion is left. Two officers of the staff are killed, one of them was Verastchagin, brother of the great artist. Another brother was wounded. Gen. Dobrovolsky, commander of sharpshooters, was killed. One officer was blown to pieces by the explosion of a caisson. Capt. Kurapatkin, chief of the staff, standing beside this officer, had his hair singed, and suffered a severe contusion. Only Gen. Skobeleff himself remained untouched. He seems to bear a charmed life. He visited the redoubt three or four times during the day, encouraging the soldiers, telling them help would soon arrive; Plevna would soon be taken; victory would soon crown their efforts; telling them it was the final, decisive blow struck for their country; for the honor and glory of the Russian arms; and they always replied with the same cheery shouts, while their numbers were dwindling away by hundreds. He again and again sent for reinforcements, and again informed the commander-in-chief that the position was untenable. The afternoon wore away, and no reinforcements came. Gen. Levitsky, as I have been informed, formally refused reinforcements either because he thought the position, in spite of Gen. Skobeleff's representations, was tenable, or because he had no reinforcements to give. Gen. Kriloff, on his own responsibility, sent the remnant of a regiment which had attacked the redoubt, which I saw rush forward and then back through that Indian cornfield. Of the 2,500 there were barely 1,000 left, so it was utterly incapable of going into action that day; and even this regiment arrived too late.

Gen. Skobeleff had left the redoubt at four o'clock to go to his tent on a woody hill opposite. He had been there scarcely an hour when he was informed that the Turks were again attacking the right flank on the Lovcha road, immediately above Plevna. He galloped forward to see, and was met by an orderly with the news that the Turks were also attacking the redoubt for the sixth time. He dashed forward toward the redoubt in hopes of reaching it in time, but was met by a stream of his own men flying back. They were exhausted by forty-eight hours' incessant fighting, and were worn out, hungry, and dying of thirst and fatigue. Owing to the inactivity of the Russians during the day, the Turks had been enabled to collect an overwhelming force, which had made one last desperate effort and had succeeded in driving the Russians out. One bastion was held to the last by a young officer, whose name I regret I have forgotten, with a handful of men. They refused to fly, and were slaughtered to the last man.

It was just after this that I met Gen. Skobeleff, the first time that day. He was in a fearful state of excitement and fury. His uniform was covered with mud and filth; his sword broken; his Cross of St. George twisted round on his shoulder; his face black with powder and smoke; his eyes haggard and bloodshot, and his voice quite gone. He spoke in a hoarse whisper. I never before saw such a picture of battle as he presented. I saw him again in his tent at night. He was quite calm and collected. He said: "I have done my best; I could do no more. My detachment is half destroyed; my regiments do not exist; I have no officers left; they sent me no reinforcements, and I have lost three guns." "Why did they refuse you reinforcements? Who was to blame?" "I blame nobody," he replied. "It is the will of God."

A WONDERFUL CAT.

The Lively Interest She Takes in Chicago Fire Alarm Matters and Those Having Charge of Them.

There is a cat at the fire-alarm telegraph office in Chicago that deserves a place in print. This cat is of the feminine persuasion, albeit "the boys" and the "night gang" have given her the unenphonious and opposite name of Pete. Pete has been at the fire alarm daily and nightly ever since the third day after the big fire. She came in, a kitten, with the hair upon her body in spots, and sat down deliberately upon the desk of the Superintendent. She looked up in his face, as much as to say, "I am a sufferer, I have been burned, and here I am." Pete was caressed and fed, and from that day to this she has never gone back on the place that took her in. The points that make Pete a remarkable feline are several in number. She is conversant with the workings of the complicated machinery of the office. When the watchers are changed in the office, which occurs at four o'clock P. M., midnight, and at eight o'clock A. M., it is the custom for the men coming on as relief to test every instrument and find out the condition of the multitude of lines that stretch throughout the city. This cat is on deck at the change of every watch, and goes through the very same movements of the relief, so far as she can. She puts her nose up to the register; she creeps along the casement and puts her velvet paws upon the relays; she does the same thing with the galvanometers, and purrs gently against the switch-board. She leaps over to the repeaters and looks upon the dials, and then climbs back among the wires to see, apparently, what their condition is. When she has finished her tour of inspection in this room, she goes out to the battery apartment with Paddy—Paddy is in charge of the batteries, and not another cat, as might be inferred, but for this explanation—and carefully follows him through his inspection of the multitudinous jars. When an alarm of fire is turned in, she comes galloping to the front, and jumps upon the repeater, where she remains till the fire is "struck out." Pete seems to be the soul of watchfulness at night, and watches the movements of everything or body that stirs. A few nights since two of the gang had gone to the armory, a few blocks south of the fire-alarm office, in search of news. On their return they met Pete on a full run, with her nose southward and her tail turned toward the stars. She recognized the couple, and immediately turned and dashed back to the alarm office. One of the gang said to the other, "There's something up." "Yes," said the party addressed, "Pete's tail." But the inveterate joker was choked down and hurried off to find Pete sitting on the dial of the telegraph instrument, which was bringing a dispatch from a distant sub-station conveying the intelligence of a shooting affair. The night operator says when he received the message he made this remark to his assistant, "Wonder where the gang is?" and the assistant replied, "At the Armory," and Pete, she that was sitting in the window, darted away in that direction. That she knew what was up seems evident from her conduct in returning when she met the gang. These peculiarities of this cat, which may seem like an attempt at fiction, are most unqualifiedly true.

Heroic Rescue of an American Crew.

The crew of an American schooner, Louis A. Swett were recently landed at Liverpool by the ship Thomas Brocklebank. As the latter vessel was homeward bound from Jamaica she fell in with the schooner in a disabled condition and flying signals of distress. Captain Brown at once backed the yards and stood for the vessel, the captain of which informed him that she was making much water, which was gaining upon the pumps. These had to be kept continually at work. He asked to be taken off, and also said his crew were thoroughly exhausted through incessant work, and were unable to launch their own boat. At the time the weather was exceedingly rough with a terrific sea on, and a boat could only be lowered with the utmost danger. Four of the crew of the Thomas Brocklebank, however, with the boatswain volunteered to man a small boat, and they put off to rescue the helpless sailors. The boat could not approach the schooner in safety, and lines were thrown, by which the men were hauled through the sea into the boat, the captain being the last to leave, and he swam to the boat. The men were almost naked at the time of their rescue, and when they were taken on board the Thomas Brocklebank fresh supplies of clothes were given to them and they were kindly treated by Captain Brown, to whom the greatest praise is due for his bravery and humanity, as well as to the sailors who so heroically manned the boat. The Louis A. Swett was owned in Boston, and at the time of the disaster was bound from Accra to Boston with palm oil. The distressed seamen were taken to the Sailor's Home.

A Judge Dying Upon the Bench.

About six o'clock one Thursday evening recntly, while the Supreme Court was in session at Knoxville, the county seat of Crawford county, Georgia, Judge Barnard Hill, the presiding judge, died upon the bench in a sudden and unexpected manner. The facts appear to be as follows: A criminal trial, in which two men were charged with larceny, had just been concluded and the jury returned a verdict of "guilty." They neglected to state the value of the goods stolen, and Judge Hill remarked to them that they had best retire and supply this portion of the verdict. They returned to the room and a lull in the proceedings followed. A few moments after one of the attorneys looked up and discovered that Judge Hill's head was thrown back upon his chair, a deathly pallor overspreading his countenance. Friends rushed to him, but with an easy gasp his spirit passed away, and he sat dead upon the bench in the midst of the discharge of his high official duty.

"A special dispatch to the Paris papers reports that the czar is ill." Indigestion probably; a little too much Turkey.

ABOUT TELEGRAPHING.

Employes and their Wages—The Batteries—Cable Messages—A Curious Feature of Ocean Telegraphy.

The New York correspondent of the Troy *Times* writes: One of the most interesting places in this city is the telegraph building, corner of Broadway and Dey street. Formerly this spot was occupied by the Franklin House, a very popular inn. From Franklin's connection with electricity, it seems proper that the telegraph building should be its successor. As a specimen of grand commercial architecture, this structure has no superior, and the fact that its cost was $2,000,000 shows how much can be laid out on space not exceeding 50 by 150 feet. The telegraphic operations carried on in this establishment are of an extent that would perplex an ordinary observer. It may, however, be suggested by the fact that the services of 325 capable employes are required beside operators. The room occupied by the latter is of vast size, and is on the sixth floor. Here 265 skillful persons watch the clicking of the machines. A large portion of this force is composed of young women. The best operators receive $115 per month, and work entirely by ear. There is a great surplus of talent in this establishment, and many ineffectual applications for employment are made daily.

The contrast between the cheap materials and the immense results in telegraphy is very striking. The power is obtained simply from sulphate of copper (blue vitriol), water and zinc. In the battery room there are 14,000 cups in use, each containing the necessary elements. The heaviest battery contains 350 cups (or cells), and is used solely for Chicago dispatches. They consume 20 barrels of blue vitriol every month, and 5,000 pounds of zinc. On one of the upper floors a restaurant is in operation, where the employes have a first-class dinner at a reasonable price. They purchase tickets in advance, and these tickets are currency for dishes, which are supplied on the European plan. This system is becoming very general in all large establishments. During the hot weather a ton of ice is consumed in this establishment daily, nearly fifty water coolers being in use.

The cable battery contains a dozen cells. I need hardly say that the method used in cable practice differs from ordinary telegraphy. The term applied to this method is "induction." I have not space for its explanation, but one of its features is the reflection of the needle. The cheapest message on the cable is seventy-five cents, and is limited to one word. Some of our readers may think that one word can be of little use, but if properly handled it may convey as much information as an ordinary sentence. This can be done by the method called "packing." Let us suppose that a New York banking house arranges with its London correspondent a vocabulary of words, each of which has a specific meaning. The London house may telegraph, for instance, the word "thunder," and the New Yorkers, by reference to their book, will find the meaning of "thunder" to be "the Bank of England has advanced its rate of it terest to three per cent." All this, which at long rate would cost $3.75, is obtained for a mere trifle, and the system certainly shows great ingenuity. The cable cyphers, as these are called, are numerous and are in charge of a very expert operator. The difference in time between New York and London is a curious feature in ocean telegraphy. The London banker is in the full swell of traffic when the New York agent is first thinking of "getting up." At noon the London markets are cabled to this city, where they arrive at seven o'clock in the morning of the same day. The London agent of the New York press telegraphs the most important news issued in the London *Times* at six o'clock in the morning. It reaches here at one o'clock the same morning, just in time to be inserted in the New York journals, whose readers have the same matter that the Londoner digests with his breakfast. This is doing a little better than even "taking time by the forelock." It is getting ahead of him in a prodigious manner.

Who is He?

Fifteen years ago, says Jennie June, a handsome and dashing student of Harvard attracted universal attention, not only by his high style of living, but by his brilliant scholarship and superb manner. He was not only the admiration of the belles, but the despair of all the beaux, for without apparent effort he surpassed the best of them in appearance, in style, in attainments, in a generosity which was princely, and in good nature, which in its indifference was never inconsiderate of the wants, wishes or feelings of others. From a student of Harvard, the splendid young American became a fellow of Oxford, and even among the luxurious and exclusive sons of the finest aristocracy of the world shone with almost as resplendent a light as in the more modest halls of Harvard

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

—:o:—

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Nov. 8, 1877.

STATE DEM. TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE.
JOHN TRUNKEY, of Venango.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL.
WM. P. SCHELL, of Bedford.

FOR STATE TREASURER.
Col. A. C. NOYES, of Clinton

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
DAVID F. FORTNEY.

Hayes has gone to Virginny and Cameron don't go to England. Let Hayes resign and Cameron get religion, his sands are so nearly run out, and he may not be ready to go on a mission to that other court.

Making a fraudulent president does not help worth a cent to carry state elections—vide, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, &c. Let Hayes resign—both republicans and democrats are willing that he should step out from the place that honestly belongs to Tilden.

If the English mission were not already filled by the appointment of John Welsh, we would have suggested to his Fraudulency the appointment of Col. Wm. P. Wilson, of Bellefonte, chairman of the repub state committee. The Col. had strong hopes that the state would go radical and deserves something for his faith—besides there is nothing for him to do since last Tuesday. There is a great deal in faith to make things run successfully, it is much better than soft-soap on a railroad track.

The appointment of minister to England has been made by President Hayes. John Welsh, of Philadelphia, is the lucky man. So then, the Cameron's have been shoved aside notwithstanding the father was unanimously recommended for the place by the Penn'a republican delegation. Mr. Welsh is a prominent Philadelphian, and has been identified with all the interests of the city was one of its leading business men and bears an excellent reputation.

Now, then, let the Cameron clan commence anew to howl. Hayes is a fraudulent President, and old Simon is one of the most corrupt public men in the country, and not fit to represent the United States at the Court of St. James. We suppose this completes the rupture of the Pennsylvania republicans with the president whom they seated by fraud.

The fact is, the way the thing is running is about this: Hayes is trying to bulldoze his party and the party in turn is trying to bulldoze Hayes.

Making a fraudulent president will be the death of the republican party.

WHO JOHN WELSH IS.

It will be interesting to the readers of the Reporter to know who the new minister to England is. We find his record in our dailies as follows:

Mr. John Welsh is a Philadelphian by birth, seventy-two years old, and comes of a staid, old-fashioned commercial stock. His father, the late John Welsh, removed to this city from Newcastle, Delaware, in 1786, and was, for a long period, a leading man in the mercantile affairs of this city. John was born in 1805, and, with his brothers, Samuel and William, received a business education and personal training at the hands of their father. The sons were admitted as partners by him until advancing years led to the withdrawal of the original head. In 1834 a new firm, under the title of Samuel & William Welsh, was formed, their place of business being at No. 50 South Wharves. John Welsh was for many years a member of the firm of Dulles, Wilcox & Welsh, who were engaged largely in the dry goods business on the north side of Market street, between Third and Fourth streets. At the death of his father, in 1854, John Welsh rejoined his brothers, the present firm now consisting of the three brothers and John Welsh, Jr., a son of William Welsh, the junior being admitted February 1, 1857. They are now located on Walnut street, above Third, where they continue their business of importing from the West Indies on commission. Their interest in the West India trade is probably larger than that of any other firm in the city. Mr. Welsh, though at times prominently before the public in various capacities, has never taken part in politics. He served at one time as a member of Councils and now fills the presidency of the sinking fund, which position he has retained under both parties. In June, 1862, he was made a member of the Fairmount Park Commission and is chairman of the finance committee. For several years he has been president of the Board of Trade, and directly after the organization of the North Pennsylvania Railroad Company was its president for a short period. He is also a director in the Philadelphia Bank and one of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. The name of Mr. Welsh has, on many occasions been associated with matters of public benevolence and worthy public enterprises. He was chairman of the executive committee of the Board of Managers of the great Sanitary Fair, which opened in June, 1864, and was so successfully conducted as to realize over a million dollars. His crowning work in the city from which he is now publicly called for the first time was in his presidency of the Centennial Board of Finance. Mr. Welsh was unanimously chosen president of that body at its first meeting, in April, 1873, and as unanimously re-elected at each subsequent meeting. So diligent, faithful and able were his labors towards making the Exhibition worthy of the year and nation that the citizens of Philadelphia last winter presented him with a testimonial of $50,000. This testimonial fund, which was raised by subscription, was, according to the wish of Mr. Welsh, devoted to the endowment of the "John Welsh Professorship" in the University of Pennsylvania. In his social and religious life he has been as exemplary as in his business and public career. He has been twice married and is now a widower, his family consisting of four sons and four daughters. He is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was one of the founders and largest contributors to the Protestant Episcopal Hospital.

A bonanza indeed, it makes one wish to be a share holder when you read of the divies. The Virginia City Evening Chronicle, of Oct. 24, gives it thusly:

The dividends declared and paid to date by the bonanza companies amount to $54,000,000. Of this amount the Consolidated Virginia, Company has paid $34,000,000, and the California Company $19,440,000.

Senator Jones and Sharon of Nevada hold the largest interests in the above mines.

INDICATIONS OF AN OUTBREAK BETWEEN THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE REPUBLICANS.

There are mutterings of a fierce storm in the republican camp. The fellows that stole the Presidency are on the eve of a deadly conflict with the man who occupies the stolen seat. A Washington special, of the Times of 1st inst., draws a picture of the approaching cloud, and writes that there are indications on all sides that the struggle between the administration and the Republicans in Congress is near at hand. The coming contest is seen in the executive sessions of the Senate, in the drift of matters among members and in conversations among Senators. In executive session to-day the young Pennsylvania Senator was very solicitous that the postmasterships should be gotten rid of, and about thirty or forty of his appointments were confirmed. He seemed particularly anxious about them. It was remarked on the floor of the Senate that Don's conduct indicated that he was clearing his decks for action. The Democrats generally believe the fight is near at hand, and that it will be beyond the power of the President to remove or suspend an officer under the civil tenure of office act, which provides that any person shall be entitled to hold office during the term for which he was appointed, unless removed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, or by appointment, with the like advice and consent of the Senate. During the recess of the Senate the President may appoint or remove an officer, but he must report the reasons for removal to the Senate within thirty days after it convenes and the Senate must concur in such reasons. The anti-Hayes Republicans say that the law is still in force, and and that if it was effective in the days of President Johnson it is effective now. It is probable the fight will begin in executive session and not unlikely over the New York appointments, which are so objectionable to Senator Conkling, who is chairman of the committee to which they are referred. The members are at a loss to know what General Butler means by introducing a bill for the repeal of the civil tenure act when he is known to be as strongly an anti-Hayes man as any of the members. Conkling has thus far indicated to no one what he would do with the New York appointments, but he is understood to have a pretty firm hold on the commerce committee, and, of course, it is his desire that Roosevelt for Collector and Prince for Naval Officer shall not be confirmed He is not so bitterly opposed to Merritt for Surveyor.

The gentleman appointed as minister to England is not Hon. John Welsh, but Mr. John Welsh—there is quite a difference.

More than 800 bills were offered in the house of representatives on Monday of last week. Of these we suppose 795 are only jobs and of no interest to the people at large, and if 799 out of the whole batch fail to become laws we do not think the people would suffer a bit in consequence.

The advantages of having a democratic congress are plainly apparent to the plainest taxpayer. Last congress the democratic house cut down expenditures amounting to a saving of 35 millions, and had the radical senate not objected the saving would have been 60 millions. Last week democratic economy again shoved itself by cutting down the army appropriation some 5 millions.

Mr. Henry F. Trainor, who has for six years been engaged in investigating the fraud of the Tweed Ring, was before the Committee of Inquiry on Wednesday. He stated that between the 1st of January, 1868, and the 1st of January, 1871, about $30,000,000 were taken from the treasury. Besides this there were large frauds in street openings, street improvements, etc., not yet investigated, but which would probably swell the aggregate to $50,000,000. Of the $30,000,000 not over fifteen per cent. was a genuine charge against the city and county, and if the ratio should hold good in the millions yet to be inquired into, it will appear that over $25,000,000 were actually stolen. The Ring prosecutions have cost the city already $194,000. Between the lawyers and the rogues no great sum of these millions will ever be recovered to the plundered municipality.

MORTON NO MORE.

CLOSE OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE—THE LAST HOURS OF THE SENATOR.

Indianapolis, November 1.—Senator Morton died at half past five o'clock this evening.

About noon Mrs. Morton and her sons by her request, were left alone with the senator for about an hour. Before five o'clock it became evident that he had entered upon his last hours upon earth. He had rested the greater portion of the day in a half lying and half sitting position. As he grew weaker the supporting pillows were withdrawn so that he lay prone upon the bed. The silence in the room was unbroken, except by an occasional question to the dying man. Once when the senator exclaimed, "I am dying," his sister-in-law, Mrs. Holloway, inquired, "You are not afraid to die, Oliver?" He indicated no by answering his head. Soon after a similar exclamation, question and answer passed between him and Dr. Thompson. At ten minutes past five o'clock he exclaimed, "I am dying; I am worn out," and these were his last words. From this on it was difficult to discover that life remained. On the doctor's announcement, "He is going," the gaze of his wife and sons became fixed on the face of the dying husband and father, with now and then a piteous look of inquiry towards the doctor, until his further announcement, "It is over."

The widow clasped her sons to her, exclaiming quietly, but in tones never to be forgotten, "My darling boys." The friends withdrew, leaving them for a time, when they were tenderly led from the room.

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY—The family of Mr. James McCloskey, who resides on High street, Lock Haven, says the Democrat, has had its share of misfortune recently. They have been suffering from malarial fever more or less all summer, and about a month since a wife of one of the sons died. On Saturday night last death again entered the family and bore away a beloved daughter, Emma, wife of David Brown, son of D. L. Brown, Esq. Mr. Brown was in one of the Western States at the time of her death. On Sunday afternoon, Thomas, a son, who was switch-tender in the yard at Renovo, was crushed between the bumpers of two freight cars and instantly killed. He was on duty and was coupling two cars when his foot caught in a "frog" which prevented his escape. A messenger was approaching him, bearing the news of the death of his sister, but before it reached him he was a corpse. He was a married man and leaves a wife and one child. At one time he was employed on the Boom at this place, and once before was an employee of the railroad company, when he received a painful injury on the head by falling from a freight car while it was in motion. His remains were brought to this city and the funeral of the two children took place yesterday. Mr. McCloskey and family have the heartfelt sympathy of their friends and community at large in this hour of affliction.

LAST NOTICE.—Persons owing state and county tax, on duplicate in my hands, are hereby notified that if tax is not paid until January court, next, the same will be placed in the hands of a Justice for collection. GEO. KOCH,
Collector for Potter.

MR. TILDEN'S ATTITUDE.

Mr. Tilden arrived home last week from his European trip. He met with a grand reception by his friends. The following is an extract from his speech alluding to the presidential steal:

"You are all aware of the results of the contest of 1876. [Voices—'We know you got robbed.'] No, I did not get robbed; the people got robbed. It was a robbery of the dearest rights of the American citizen. The condemnation by the people of the greatest political crime in our history, by which the result of the Presidential election of 1876 was set aside and reversed, is general and overwhelming. Her sister States might afford to have the voice of New York frittered away or its expression deferred. It could not change history; it could not alter the universal judgment of the civilized world; it could not avert the moral retribution that is impending. But New York herself cannot afford to have her voice unheard.

"In the canvass of 1876 the Federal Government embarked in the contest with unscrupulous activity. A member of the Cabinet was the head of a partisan committee. Agents stood at the doors of the pay offices to exact contributions from official subordinates. The whole officeholding class were made to exhaust their power. Even the army, for the first time, to the disgust of the soldiers and many of the officers, was moved about the country as an electioneering instrument. All this was done under the eye of the beneficiary of it, who was making the air vocal with professions of civil service reform, to be begun after he had himself exhausted all the immoral advantages of civil service abuses. Public opinion in some States was overborne by corrupt influences and by fraud. But so strong was the desire for reform, that the Democratic candidates received 4,300,000 suffrages. This was a majority of the popular vote of about 300,000, and of 1,250,000 of the white citizens. It was a vote 700,000 larger than Gen. Grant received in 1872, and 1,300,000 larger than he received in 1868.

"The step from an extreme degree of corrupt abuses in the elections to a subversion of the elective system itself is natural. No sooner was the election over than the whole power of the office-holding class, led by a Cabinet Minister, was exerted to procure, and did procure, from the State canvassers of two States illegal and fraudulent certificates, which were made a pretext for a false count of the electoral votes. To enable these officers to exercise the immoral courage necessary to the parts assigned to them, and to relieve them from the timidity which God has implanted in the human bosom as a limit to criminal audacity, detachments of the army were sent to afford them shelter.

"The expedients by which the votes of the electors chosen by the people of these two States were rejected, and the votes of the electors having the illegal and fraudulent certificates were counted and the menace of usurpation by the President of the Senate of dictatorial power over all the questions in controversy, and the menace of the enforcement of his pretended authority by the army and navy, the terrorism of the business classes, and the kindred measures by which the false count was consummated, are known.

"The result is the establishment of a precedent destructive of our whole elective system. The temptation to those in possession of the Government to perpetuate their own power by similar methods will always exist, and if the example shall be sanctioned by success, the succession of government in this country will come to be determined by fraud or force.

"The magnitude of a political crime must be measured by its natural and necessary consequences. Our great republic has been the only example in the world of a regular and orderly transfer of governmental succession by the elective system. To destroy the habit of traditionary respect for the will of the people, as declared through the electoral forms, and to exhibit our institutions as a failure, is the greatest possible wrong to our country. It is a greater crime against mankind than the usurpation of Dec. 2, 1851, depicted by the illustrious pen of Victor Hugo. The American people will not condone it under any pretext or for any purpose."

This protest of Mr. Tilden, at once calm and energetic, will be laid to heart, and not forgotton, by the American people.

THE RUSSIANS ENCIRCLE PLEVNA WITH 150,000 TROOPS AND 550 GUNS.

Great Uneasiness at Constantinople.

London, November 1.—A dispatch from Bucharest says the Russian troops around Plevna are estimated 150,000, together with 50 seige and 500 field guns.

A dispatch from Erzeroum says the siege of Kars has opened. The garrison, which consists of 10,000 men, is well provisioned and has plenty of ammunition.

It appears from a Bucharest telegram, dated last night, that an effort is being made to gain possession of the Plevna and Rehova road.

The Roumanian force, which has been stationed between the rivers Vid and Iskra, yesterday made reconnoissance along the Danube in the direction of Rahova. At Vadeni they found a Turkish detachment occupying some earthworks.

A Roumanian report states that after a brief cannonade the Turkish magizine exploded, and the garrison retreated in the direction of Rahova. Two companies of Roumanians occupy the redoubt.

A special dispatch from Vienna to the Times says the uneasiness at Constantinople about Ghazi Osman Pasha's army is by no means groundless.

A. OAKEY HALL IN NEW YORK—INTERVIEWED BY A REPORTER.

New York, November 1.—An evening paper says one of its reporters, shancing to be on his way down town about eight o'clock this morning, encountered A. Oakey Hall leisurely strolling along with a traveling wrap on his arm and looking exceedingly well.

He said: "All there can be to say about the mode of my leaving is that no person whatever knew of it directly or indirectly. With the strange absence 'ring troubles' had nothing practically to do. Of course there had been a great strain upon my brain and will power during the six years in which these troubles have been uppermost in the public mind.

"I have now had six months' rest, and really the first during twenty years of professional and political conflicts. I have no right perhaps to dispute with old constituents whether I am eccentric or not, or was an indifferent or careless official or not, but so long as my brain will held out, I shall refute every attempt to make it appear that a former mayor of this great city deliberately planned and carefully executed and profited pecuniarily from criminal conspiracy."

On last Friday, about noon, says the Telegraph, Mr. John Zellers, of Lewisburg, lost a barn by fire, on the old Mansion farm in East Buffalo Twp. Mr. Geo. Smith is his tenant, who it seems, was engaged in threshing with a steam thresher, which stood between the barn destroyed and another building in which the threshing was being done. While at dinner that barn was noticed on fire, it having caught on the second floor, likely from sparks from the steamer, and they had barely time to rescue the live stock. Everything else in the building was destroyed—farming implements, grain, &c., &c. Mr. Zellers had an insurance of $1200 on barn and contents. Barn was worth about $1500. Mr. Smith had an assurance of $1000 on his implements, grain, &c., which will cover his loss. Both insurances are in the Farmers Mutual of Danville.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD COLLISION

Five Persons Killed and a Number Injured.

Ridgeway, November 1.—A collision occurred on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad one mile east of here this morning shortly after seven o'clock between the day express east and the first section of the Empire freight west. The front car of the express train rolled down the bank and was badly wrecked, the occupants all escaping serious injury or death. Both engines went down the bank and are almost a total wreck. But four of the freight carswere badly damaged or thrown from the track. Mr. Collings leaves nine children, Shearer a wife and three or four children, Stephen's a wife and two children and Gallagher a wife. Farrell was the only single man killed.

The circumstances leading to the accident are substantially these: The freight had orders to run to Ridgeway regardless of the express; express ordered not to pass Ridgeway until the arrival of the freight. Reaching Ridgeway and not hearing the freight approach, the conductor on the express directed the engineer to pull up to the east end of the siding, a distance of about a fourth of a mile, intending, after the freight had taken the siding, to pull out, thus saving the time required to run from the west to the east end of the siding. The engineer started the train, but for some unknown reason did not stop as directed, the trains meeting about a quarter of a mile further east. The conductor of the express commenced taking up tickets as soon as the train had left Ridgeway, and did not know that the east end of the siding had been reached until the collision occurred. Both Collings and Butler had been on the road for about 12 years, and were considered unusually reliable men.

An associated press dispatch says: The killed in the disaster are Calvin Shearer, engineer, Renova, Pennsylvania; William Collings, engineer, Kane, Pennsylvania; Morris Farrell, fireman, Emporium, Pennsylvania; William Stevens, brakeman, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

Fatally injured—William Gallagher, fireman, Renova, Pennsylvania, limb cut off; William H Miller, brakeman, Reading, Pennsylvania, limb broken twice.

Passengers injured—A. G. Gray, Erie, Pennsylvania; J. M'Cres, Cleveland, Ohio; Omer Campbell, Kane, Pennsylvania; D. C. Oyster, Ridgeway, Pennsylvania, all slightly.

—The Watchman says: The extensive tannery belonging to Mr. James L. Sommerville, of this place, situated at the intersection of the Bald Eagle and Snow Shoe Railroads, just above Milesburg, was totally destroyed by fire on Thursday evening, Oct. 18th, including a considerable quantity of hides and bark. How the fire originated we do not know. Whether it caught accidentally, or was the work of an incendiary, will perhaps never be known. There was considerable insurance on the property, which will make Mr. Sommerville's loss less than it would otherwise have been. At first it was rumored that the insurance had expired and had not been renewed, but this was not correct, as we are glad to say.

PRODUCE MARKETS.

Phila. Nov. 3.—Flour quiet; superfine, 4 extras 5 50; Pennsylvania family 6 00@6 75. Wheat steady; amber, 1 42@1 45; Pa red 1 43; white 1 48. Corn quiet; yellow, 62c; mixed, 60½@61c. Oats quiet; Pa white 36@38c; western do 35@37c; western naked, 33@34c. Rye steady at 70c. Petroleum nominal refined 13½@13½c.

HOG CHOLERA IN THE WEST.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 4.—The Enquirer publishes reports from a large number of places in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Kentuckey which indicate that there has been a very general prevalence of hog cholera in those States. The disease in some localities has been a regular scourge, causing farmers a heavy loss, but most reports state that it is now rapidly dying out.

ARRIVAL OF STANLEY AT ST. PAUL DE LOANDO.

Washington, October 18.—The department of state has received a dispatch from the commercial agent of the United States at St. Paul de Loando, announcing the arrival at that place on the 21st of August, on board the Portuguese man of war Rio Pamega, of Stanley, the African explorer.

He has discovered the source of the Congo, which he proves to be a continuation of the Lualaba. He has traveled through a country hitherto unknown to the civilized world, inhabited by tribes who for the most part looked upon himself and his companions as wild beasts fit only to be killed. He passed fifty-seven cataracts on the Congo, above which the river is navigable for large vessels for 2,000 miles.

After passing all the falls below Yellala, his company being sick and dispirited, he struck across the country, and in five days arrived at Bama, where he met English and Portuguese traders. From Bama he was taken to Cobanda on an English steamer, where he was received on the Portuguese man-of-war above mentioned. He is accompanied by 115 natives, all that are left of a company of 315 with which he set out from Zanzibar. Nothing could exceed the kindness toward the great traveler and his company by the officers of the Rio Pamega and the entire Portuguese officials and people of Loando.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the World."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.
ILLUSTRATED.

Notices of the Press.

The veteran Magazine, which long ago outgrew its original title of the New Monthly Magazine, has not in the least abated the popularity it won at the outset, but has added to it in many ways, and has kept fairly abreast of the times, thanks to the enterprise of the publishers and the tact and wisdom of its editors. For whatever is best and most readable in the literature of travel, discovery, and fiction, the average reader of to-day looks to Harper's Magazine, just as confidently as did the reader of a quarter of a century ago. There is the same admirable variety of contents and the same freshness and suggestiveness in its editorial departments now as then.—Boston Journal.

TERMS:

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, one year.....$4 00
$4 00 including prepayment of U. S. postage by the publishers.

Subscriptions to Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar, to one address for one year, $10 00; or two of Harper's Periodicals, to one address for one year, $7; postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly or Bazar will be supplied gratis for every club of Five Subscribers at $4 00 each, paid for by one remittance; or, Six Copies one year, without extra copy, for $20 00.

Back Numbers can be supplied at any time.

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year, when no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current Number.

A complete Set of Harper's Magazine, now comprising 54 Volumes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, freight at expense of purchaser, for $2 25 per volume. Single Volumes by mail, postpaid, $3 00. Cloth cases, for binding, 60 cents, by mail, postpaid.

A complete Analytical Index to Harper's First Fifty Volumes of Harper's Magazine has been published, affording available for reference the vast and varied wealth of information which constitutes this periodical a perfect illustrated literary cyclopedia. 8vo, cloth, $3 00; half calf, $5 25; postage prepaid.

Subscriptions received for Harper's Periodicals only.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE SUN.

1878. NEW YORK. 1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and wellwishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which has hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union.

The DAILY SUN is a four-page sheet of 28 columns, price by mail, postpaid, 55 cents a month, or $6 50 per year.

The Sunday edition of The Sun is an eight page sheet of 56 columns. While giving the news of the day, it also contains a large amount of literary and miscellaneous matter especially prepared for it. The Sunday Sun has met with great success. Postpaid $1. 20 a year.

The Weekly Sun.

Who does not know The Weekly Sun? It circulates throughout the United States, the Canadas, and beyond. Ninety thousand families greet its welcome pages weekly, and regard it in the light of guide, counsellor, and friend. Its news, editorial, agricultural, and literary departments make it essentially a journal family and the fireside. Terms One dollar a year, post paid. This price, quality considered, makes it the cheapest newspaper published. For clubs of ten, with $10 cash, we will send an extra copy free. Address

PUBLISHER OF THE SUN,
8nov8t New York city.

NICODEMUS'S QUESTIONS.

Bishop Bedell tells how "a Man Can be Born When He is Old."

Bishop Bedell, of Ohio, took as his text the fourth verse of the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John, "Nicodemus saith unto him, 'How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?'" "Nicodemus," said Bishop Bedell, "carried to Jesus many of the religious difficulties which still perplex some of us. St. John's report of the conversation between Nicodemus and our Lord is very brief but I think that it is long enough to explain what Jesus meant. The two questions arising from this story which are apt to trouble people are, How are we to be born again? and, What part are we to take in the change? We know very well the source of this change and the result. It begins when we begin to believe in Jesus, and it makes us put our whole trust in him and try to please him and be like him. A mere willingness to see the light is the beginning of the change. Let us take the case of Nicodemus. He went to Jesus after the shades of night were fallen, perplexed by a question which seemed to him to be of great importance. He showed his doubts to Jesus. The answer he received in reply to his questions he did not understand. But they fell like seed into his mind and as he walked slowly back to his house, pondering over the strange words, "Except a man be born again," his mind grew somewhat less troubled though he knew not what the cause was. As he sat in a chamber looking toward the east the sun rose, and as the dawn peeped in the window he understands that when he enters the new kingdom of Christ he is born again and begins a new life with God. The seed works to good purpose in his heart, for the next we meet him he has begun a new life.

It is also asked, By what infallible signs shall I know that this change has taken place in me? There are many signs. It has a spiritual change, and accordingly must be sought for in the spirit. Sceptics say that good and evil result from changes in molecules of matter which make up the physical body, and that a man is driven irresistibly to do good or evil, and that change in the moral part of man comes merely from a change in his physical condition. But the whole tenor of our Saviour's conversation is to convince us that it is a spiritual change. In the first place, therefore, this change should be sought in our disposition. In the second place, the change will be known by its effects. The dry leaves lying scattered on the ground are whirled around by the wind which we do not see. So we see the effects of the change, as the flying leaves, but, the change itself is hidden from us. Before entering the new life perpaps the man trusted in himself alone; after, he puts his confidence in God. If before he was selfish and cared only for himself, he now tries to comfort sorrowing men and to help them in their distress as Jesus did. He was apt to excuse small faults and to think little of them. He is now convinced of the greatness of his sin, and his thoughts are constantly turned in one direction—how he can please God best, and serve him best.

This new life, too, is a life which centres on Jesus. You will not have to read this story without perceiving that Jesus directs the thoughts of Nicodemus on himself as the Saviour. Not as a hero or as a god-like man does he present himself, but as a comforter, one who has felt the sorrows of mankind and desires to relieve, or at least to share them. This attitude makes the soul of the man burst forth to Jesus, as it distrusts itself and cries, 'Oh, Lord, help thou mine unbelief.' The change which takes place is one of disposition and must not be confounded with a change of action. A thief may become honest or a miser generous from motives of self-interest. The generosity and honesty of one who has entered the kingdom of heaven springs from motives which are very different.

What is to be done to bring about this change? That is the practical question. Keep Jesus constantly before your eyes as a model. Read about him, talk about him, imitate him. Follow in his footsteps as he went from door to door doing works of charity and love. Be a Christ yourself in your own small, imperfect way. Do you desire to enter his kingdom? Let me reveal the truth to you. The seed is already swelling in your heart and the change in your disposition has already begun. No man ever desired to attain unto this new life if the change was not already going on. But, you say, supposing this to be true, what am I to do? Am I not to be carried passively into the kingdom of heaven? If you were a dead and dried up leaf, to be blown about by every wind until at last you drop into some nook where the eddying wind cannot reach you, I would say yes. But as you are a man, I tell you to look at the course of a ship on the sea. Constantly striving to reach the appointed port, her course changed, and her sails trimmed so as to get the greatest benefit from every shift of wind, she goes on in spite of the elements and, with God's help, finally arrives in the port. I know of no simile which describe better than this the life of a Christian."

The storm last Friday did widespread damage in other parts. We have reports of many vessels sunk or ashore along the coast, and of disaters on the ocean.

—Persons wishing to advertise farms, sales, &c., will bear in mind that we offer to give a MUCH LARGER circulation through the Reporter on this side the county, than any other paper, and will forfit our pay if this is found not correct.

NOTICE is hereby given that the account of D. Z. Kline, assignee of Ira C. Johnson has been filed in the Prothonotary's office in Centre county and will be presented to the court for confirmation at November Term next.
A. WILLIAMS,
Prothonotary.
inov8t

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office, for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphans Court of Centre county on Wednesday, the 28th day of November, A. D. 1877, for confirmation and allowance.

1 The third account of James H. Porter and E. C. Campbell executors &c of John Reesman, late of Penn township, deceased.

2 The account of J. M. and C. H. Kephart executors of &c of Peninah Kephart, late of Benner township deceased.

3 The account of Samuel Gramly administrator of &c of Susan Frederick, late of Gregg township deceased.

4 The second and final account of Jacob Bower, Jr., administrator of &c of David Corman, late of Haines township deceased.

5 The account of John Irwin, Jr., guardian of Mary F. Campbell, one of the legatees of H. B. Treziyuiny, late of Bellefonte borough deceased.

6 The supplementary account of Samuel Brown, surviving executor of George Brown, late of Howard township deceased.

7 The second account of Adam & Jonathan Stover, administrators of &c of Jacob Stover, late of Ferguson township deceased as filed by Adam Stover.

8 The account of Geo. W. Singleton administrator of &c of Ann Singleton, late of Huston township deceased.

9 The final account of Michael Schenck guardian of Franklin and Susan Schenck, children of Frederick Schenck, late of Howard township deceased.

10 The first partial account of Richard Conley and Jeremiah B. Roan, executors of &c of Robert Roan, late of Benner township deceased.

11 The first and partial account of Peter Roy and Benjamin Roush administrators of &c of Jacob Roy, late of Marion township deceased.

12 The account of John Shannon administrator of &c of Jacob Meese, late of Potter township deceased.

13 The account of Samuel Gilliland administrator of &c of Ezra D. Brisbin, late of Harris township deceased.

14 The third partial account of Peter Hofer and Jarrie E. Wolf administrators of &c of Hon. S. S. Wolf, late of Potter township deceased.

15 The account of D. Parsons administrator of &c of Isaac Richards, late of Huston township deceased.

15 The partial account of Frederick Kurtz administrator of &c of David Acker, late of Haines township deceased.

17 The final account of J. P. Gephart administrator, de bonis non cum testamento annexo, of &c of John B. Awl, late of the borough of Bellefonte deceased.

18 The second partial account of E. C. Humes and Adam Hoy administrators of &c of James T. Hale, late of the borough of Bellefonte deceased.

WM. E. BUECHFIELD,
Register.
nov 1

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable Sam'l Frank, and the Honorable John Dreese, Associated Judges in Centre county, have issued their precept, bearing date the 11 day of Nov 1877, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 26th Monday of Nov. being the 26th day of Nov 1877, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constabler of the said county of Centre, that they be there and there to their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Nov. in the year of our Lord, 1877, and in the 101 year of Independence of the United States.
LEVI MUSSER, Sheriff.

—You need not neglect your business when troubled with a cough or cold, if you only use a reliable remedy at once. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy we know of. Price only 25 cents.

—"Harper's," for November, has reached us, and with it, an unusual feast of good things. Six of the papers are handsomely illustrated and all are among the best efforts of favorite writers. No family should be without this first-class periodical. Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

The heathen are organizing foreign missions for the conversion of Christians. The Hindus of the sacred city of Benares have founded a society for the propagation of Brahminism among the Christians of Australia. An eminent Brahmin of the name of Suradschi, a man of great authority, has recently been visiting some of the English colonies, and while travelling in Australia, was appalled and grieved at the fearful prevalence of drunkenness among the Christians. On returning to India he called together a number of thoughtful Brahmins, to whom he communicated his glowing zeal to do something for the salvation of their degraded fellow men and fellow subjects in Australia. The only perfect remedy, he considered, would be the conversion of these Christians to a better and purer faith. A large sum was collected for the pious and benevolent enterprise, and some of the Brahmins declared their willingness to devote themselves to the work, and to spend and be spent in this humane and holy cause. Suradschi is now engaged in translating fitting passages from the Vedas into the English tongue, for the use of the missionaries.

WANAMAKER & BROWN respectfully announce that their Autumn and Winter Fashions in Clothing for Men and Boys are ready. The great buildings at Sixth and Market are crowded from top to bottom with such Clothing as merits the confidence of the people.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Cloths and Cassimeres are, in many instances, made expressly for them. No house in the trade confines itself so exclusively to the first-class manufacturers. Indeed, a long and mature experience is necessary to know just what goods to select and make up.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Order Department will be found full of fabrics of every good kind, either Novel and Fashionable styles or the plainer and more useful things. Talented cutters, who have been successful for years in our service, are in waiting to make garments according to the ideas of the people who are to wear the goods. Good hands are employed to make up, and only good trimmings used.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Ready-Made Department offers every accommodation to those who do not care to go through the process of measurement. The stock in all Departments for Men and Boys is immense and complete, and does not lack in style, workmanship or finish, while the prices can be proven to be nearly, if not quite, 25 cents on the dollar lower than the market.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Little Boys' and Youths' Clothing has always been a well-cared-for and prominent feature of the business. All ages can be fitted, and the styles are not surpassed—the "fits" have always been the subject of admiration

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Shirt, Necktie, and Hosiery counters enable their customers to get complete outfits at more advantageous rates than they expect.

WANAMAKER & BROWN
—OAK HALL.—
The Largest Clothing House in America,
6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

-GRAIN ELEVATOR-

—o—

SHORTLIDGE & CO,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

—o—

Have erected a new GRAIN ELEVATOR on their Coal Yard and are buying grain

AT THE HIGHESTPRICES,

in cash on delivery, for

WHEAT,
CORN,
RYE,
OATS,
CLOVER SEED &C.,

Unloading is done more easily and more promptly than any other place in town which makes the NEW ELEVATOR the most desirable place to sell grain.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

The only dealers in Centre County who sell the

WILKESBARRE COAL

from the old Baltimore mines. Also

SHAMOKIN AND OTHER GRADES

of Anthracite Coal dryly housed expressly for house use, at the lowest prices

RIFLE and BLASTING POWDER.

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY.

DEALERS IN

CAYUGA GROUND PLASTER,

which is always sold at low prices, and warranted to be as good a fertilizer as an other plaster.

OFFICE AND YARD
NEAR SOUTH END B. E. VALLEY R. R. DEPOT
BELLFONTE, PA.

S. & A. Loeb.

THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU.
THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU

TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN,
TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN,

We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.

We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.

We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30c.
We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30c.
We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30c.

We are selling—INGRAINS AT 25 cents.
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 25 cents.
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 25 cents.

We are selling—Damask hall & stair car'ts
We are selling—Damask hall & stair car'ts
We are selling—Damask hall & stair car'ts

We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.
We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.
We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.

We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Thursday, Nov. 8, 1877.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the tables on their papers. If the table reads "John Roe 1 jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Secy. H. P. SAMEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 327, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on, or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Secy. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after. Leonard Rhone Master. G. W. BOAL Secy.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Judge Mayer's family sailed for Europe, Thursday of last week.

—Christ Hoffer was kicked by a mule, one day last week, receiving a gash on the forehead, and severe bruises across the one side of his face and nose.

—Geo. Durst is now a citizen of Centre Hall again, cosily fixed on the old corner formerly occupied by him.

—All kinds of country produce bought and sold at Sechler's grocery.

—A hind quarter of beef will be taken at this office on subscription account. tf.

—Get your marble work—tombstones, monuments and couches—at Heisler's well known marble yards, Bellefonte.

—Boyer has an immense stock of boots and shoes, and sells them very low This we know to be a fact, we saw it ourselves.

—We are indebted to W. Keller for copy of 112 An. Announcement of the Med. Dep't, of the University of Penn'a.

—A new golden tongue organ, warranted, offered very low, for half cash and half trade. Apply at this office.

—Rain last Friday with fiercestorm in the night. Saturday and Sunday clear but cool; Monday rain; Tuesday cold and blustery.

—Wolf's store is now to be found in the bank building, where a fine assortment of new goods is just being unpacked. Go and see Wolf's handsome new quarters, and his splendid stock of goods.

—Losr.—On last Saturday at or near Centre Hill, a pocket book containing about $6 in money, a promissory note of $50 against D. J. Deckert, and other paper. The finder returning it will be suitably rewarded by PETER BREON.

—Choice Stock.—Mr. John H. Musser will arrive at Aaronsburg, Friday, 9th, from York State, with a car load of Calves —some 40 head,—12 or 15 bulls, short-horn Durhams, many of them Herdbrook calves, the best stock ever brought into our county. They are from 3 to 6 months old. A chance for our farmers to get choice stock.

—Hair Switches.—The undersigned wishes to inform the ladies of Pennsvalley that she makes large, beautiful switches from combings, &c. Any size made for only $1. All work warranted to give satisfaction or no pay asked. Combings can be sent and Switches returned by mail at the small cost of one cent per ounce. Address, Mrs. SALLIE E. BARNES, Pleasant Gap, Pa. 8 nov. 2t.

—Ira T. Cottle will make sale of his household effects on 20, intending to remove to Kansas, where he has promise of a good situation. Sorry to loose Mr. Cottle, he carried on tailoring here extensively, was a good workman, and shop always full of work. He leaves an opening for a good tailor at Centre Hall.

—The woods and mountains of our valley just now present a most charming appearance. The variegated hues of the sutumn leaves have decked them with a royal robe of splendor that any flower garden might envy. Standing upon the top of any of our mountains and looking over the valley dotted with patches of timber tracts clothed in a coat of many colors, is a sight that any lover of the beautiful in nature will admire, and is a scene which the pencil of the most skilful artist will in vain endeavor to imitate. But this autumnal beauty is only for a short season—soon the foliage with the varied colors will drop to the earth leaving the forests bleak and cheerless, and the chilling winds of winter will follow to hold weird concerts in the leafless tree tops of our forests.

—Any country produce you have, will be taken in exchange for cheap groceries at Sechler's. You can get a better article there always than at any other store—it is a specialty with them to keep only the best. You can buy goods there that you cannot find in most other groceries, for they aim to keep everything belonging to their line.

—Aaron Rishel has moved from Marshfield, Mo., to Nevada City, same state. He writes to the Reporter: We came through some very rough country the first few days of our moving; when we came through the western part of Cedar and through Vernon county, we saw some very fine, rich, looking land—about 2 prairie and rest timber. The folks here do most of their moving in wagons. All summer we could see covered wagons going, some to Kansas, some to Arkansas and some to Texas. We camped one eve about 5 o'clock, in course of half an hour eight wagons had gathered around us. We saw many large and thrifty apple orchards. The people have a large stock of hogs in this county, Poland China, and Berkshire breeds. Large herds of cattle belonging to farmers roam over the prairies and nice and fat. People that have no homes in Centre county should come here. All kinds of grain can be raised here.

—Aaronsburg is now far ahead in boots and shoes. Boyer is the man of whom you can buy your shoes cheap.

—Convention of the Young Mens Christian Association of the 12th district, composed of Union, Lycoming, Clinton and Cameron counties will meet at Hartleton on Friday evening Nov. 9—11, S. A. Taggart State Secretary and other experienced workers, are expected from abroad. Sec.

For Rent.—Dwelling house, stable and five acres of meadow situated at Potter's Mills, the property of Doctor Wm. P. Wilson. For information and terms apply to Thomas McElroy, near the premises. 18oct 2m

POTTER SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, the duplicate of School Tax for the township of Potter, has been placed in the hands of the Treasurer, Jacob Dinges, at Centre Hall. On all taxes paid to him on or before December 1st, 1877, there will be a deduction of five per centum; on all taxes remaining unpaid for one month after said date, the full amount will be charged, and thereafter an addition of 5 per cent. on all remaining unpaid. By Order of the Board. 19 oct2m.

Levi Swartz, formerly of Bloomfield, but recently residing near Mansville, Perry county, was shot on Monday evening of last week by Henry L. Croll and died from the effects of his injuries on Tuesday morning. The accident occurred under the following circumstances: "Mr. Swartz had climbed into a grape vine and was gathering grapes when Mr. Croll came along with his gun. Seeing something move in the vine he supposed it to be a wild turkey or a pheasant and discharged his piece at the object. Mr. Swartz finding that he had been shot and feeling faint at once descended from the sapling to which the vine clung. He was taken to his home and Dr. Ard summoned. On examination the doctor found that several of the leaden pellets had struck Mr. S. Two had entered the right breast, one the arm, one the leg, but the one which was the most dangerous, entered the stomach.

The Elections.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC NOYES ALL AROUND!

The Republicans Effectually Schelled and the Democrats hunkey Trunkey!

VICTORY ALL AROUD!

The Presidential Steal Again Rebuked by the People on Tuesday.

—On Tuesday elections were held in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Massachusettes, Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, Wisconson, Kansas, Minnesota and Nebraska.

PENNSYLVANIA, NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY, &c., O. K.

Philadelphia Elects a Democratic Ticket!!

The substance of telegraphic despatches, up to 11 a. m. is as follows:

PENNSYLVANIA,

went Democratic by about 17,000.

Alleghehy county close, but Sterret leads his ticket, but not as much as expected.

Northumbealand 900 dem.

Mifflin 150 dem.

Telegraph reports democratic gains all over the state.

NEW YORK

State democratic by 20,000 and senate democratic.

NEW JERSEY

gives McClellan 15,000 to 20,000.

MASSACHUSETTS republican majority cut down to 12,000.

CENTRE COUNTY.

1100 Democratic Majority.—Fortney Triumphantly Elected.

Bellefonte gives 23 repub. majority but Fortney has 30 maj. over Dale.

Unionville Dale 6 maj.

Philipsburg Fortney 17 and Trunkey 20 maj.

Benner dem. maj. 109, Fortney 98.

Boggs Trunkey 86, Sterrett 32, and greenback tibket 114.

Rush, Fortney 81 maj., Trunkey 75

Potter, north—Trunkey 140 Sterret 58; Noyes 140, Hart 58; Fortney 133, Dale 62. South—Trunkey 146, Sterrett 64; Noyes 148, Hart 62; Fortney 147, Dale 62.

Penn, Trunkey 223, Sterrett 27; Noyes 223, Hart 28; Fortney 212, Dale 27.

Haines, Trunkey 160, Sterrett 88; Noyes 162, Hart 89; Fortney 160, Dale 89.

Gregg, Trunkey 190, Sterrett 46; Noyes 192, Hart 43; Fortney 185, Dale 47.

—Freezy all day in the shade on Tuesday.

—The Mussers of Millheim shot five deers in the Seven mountains a weak ago, Pierce shot three of them.

—Canned and dried peaches and other fruits, better and cheaper than you can do them up yourself, at Sechler's grocery, Bush house block.

—The opinion is general that Dan Voorhee's will be appointed U. S. Senator as Morton's successor. A democratic gain.

—All the drugs and medicines that you may have occasion to use, can be had fresh and pure, at Frank Green's drug store, in the Bush house block. Also toilet and fancy articles without number. No family should be without the reliable medicines of Mr. Green's own invention—he is the oldest druggist in the county.

—Boyer makes a specialty of boots and shoes. Sells very low to secure the trade, which will enable him to keep a large stock on hand. Go and see for yourself.

—There is more ready made Clothing received and sold at the Eagle Clothing Hall, by J. Newman, jr., Bellefonte, than perhaps, in all the other stores of Centre county taken together. No clothing store ever had so large a run of customers. The whole secret of the thing is that suits and single garments are sold cheaper than ever before in this county. You can get a complete outfit of all needed from hat down to boots, and for a mere song. It is a wonder Newman can keep going and sell at such low prices, but it is by doing a large business only that enables him to do it.

—Now is the time to save money by getting your groceries where they are good, pure and cheap. Sechler & Co. are in earnest when they make you these representations. They do business with a view to stay and gain customers by fair and square dealings. This has been their reputation.

—Mr. Luther Emerick desires to inform the public that he has located at the Stone Mill, in shop occupied by C. Bollinger, to carry on blacksmithing. He guarantees his work to be of the best and prices lower that any shop in the county. Horseshoeing down to panic prices. Being a good workman and having long experience he believes he can render entire satisfaction. Give him a trial and be convinced. 25oct3t

CORONERS SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county and to me directed their will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte on Saturday November 24, 1877, the following described Real Estate of the defendants, to wit:

All that certain messuage tenement or lot of ground situate in Rush township Centre county Pa., bounded and described as follows. On the west by Atherton street measuring along said street 120 feet on the east by Cass street extending along said street 60 feet, on the north by lands of Amos Harper extending along said land 200 feet on the south by Grand street extending along said street 200 feet to the place of beginning, being the same lot which L. W. Munson (Guardian) conveyed by deed &c., to J. R. M'Kinney. Thereon erected a two story dwelling house and other out buildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. R. M'Kinney.

Terms Cash. No deed will be acknowledged till the purchase money is paid in full. Joseph Adams

Coroner.

MARRIED.

On the 25th ult., Mrs. Cyrus N. Phillips of Lake Stark, Ohio, and Miss Catherine E. Weaver, of Aaronsburg.

On the 9th of Sept., Mr John G. Musser and Miss Mary A. Homan, all of Haines twp.

On the 22nd ult., Mr. Daniel Moyer and Miss Sarah Stover.

On 7th by Rev. W. H. Stover, Mr. Franklin Shutt of Linden Hall and Lydia Lichte, of Churchville.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte, on Saturday, November 24, 1877, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate of the defendants, to wit:

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in College township, Centre county, Penna. Bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of Jont'h Shuey, on the east by lands of John Neidigh estate, and on the south and west by lands of John C. Krumrine, containing about ⅞ of an acre more or less, thereon erected a two story plank frame dwelling house. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Andrew Tressler.

ALSO,

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate lying and being in (or near) the town of Centre Hall, in the county of Centre aforesaid. Bounded on the north by lands of Jacob Ripka, on the east by lands of David Stine, on the south by lands of David Stine and on the west by turnpike road, containing about 65 feet front in said turnpike road and extending back about 160 feet. Thereon erected a two story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property Alexander Kuhn.

ALSO,

All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Miles township, Centre county, Penna. Bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of Thomas and Henry Wolf, on the east by lands of John W. Sholl, on the south by lands of Jeremiah Haines and others, and on the west by lands of Reuben Kreamer, containing 70 acres more or less. Thereon erected a three story store, grist mill, dwelling house, old frame saw mill, bank barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George Miller.

ALSO,

All the interest of the defendant in and to all that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the borough of Milesburg, Centre county, Penna. Bounded in the north by Market street, on the east by turnpike road, and on the south by lot Miss Thomas, being lot No. 21 in the general plan or plot of said borough. Thereon erected a large two story brick dwelling house and large stone dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Edwin Lipton.

ALSO,

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Penna. Bounded on the north by High street, (44 feet) on the south by Cherry alley (44 feet) on the west by lot of Dr. E. S. Dorworth, and on the east by Lutheran Parsonage, said lot or piece of ground fronting on High street (44 feet) and extending back 144 feet to said Cherry alley. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. S. Barnhart.

ALSO,

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Spring township, Centre county Penna. Bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at a post adjoining lands of Isaac Haupt then east along lot of Thomas Gates 104 perches to a post, thence north 30½°, west 22 7-10 perches along lands of heirs of Wm. A. Thomas, deceased, south 61°, west 10 3-10 perches to a post, thence south 30½°, east 27 4-10 perches to the place of beginning. Also another tract of land situate in Spring township, Centre county, Penna. Bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post corner of land of Thos. Humes and Wm. Poorman, thence by lands of the latter north 61°, east 14 perches to a post in road, thence by said road north 44°, west 19 perches to a post, thence by lands of the Thomas estate south 61°, west 10 perches to a post thence by lands of Wm. H. Humes south 33°, east, 18 perches to a post the place of beginning, containing in all 1 acre and 56 perches more or less. Thereon erected a one and a half story frame dwelling house, Brew house, stable and other outbuildings. Also all that certain messuage tenement and lot of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Penna. Bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the east by Smith street, on the north by lands of F. Hogenmiller, on the west by lands Thomas heirs and on the south by lands of John Irwin, Jr., lot 25, by 150 feet. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house 22 by 28 feet. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Joseph Gassner.

ALSO,

All that certain lot of ground situate in Snow Shoe township Centre county, Penna, bounded north by lands of Mrs. M. Green, east by Meshannon avenue south by an alley, west by Sycamore street, fronting on Meshannon avenue, 120 feet and extending back 200 feet. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George Fravel.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Liberty township, Centre county, Penna. Bounded and described as follows: On the south by lands of Daniel Bitner, east by public road, north by public road and west by public road, containing 40 acres. Thereon erected a two story dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of James Gunsallis.

ALSO,

All that certain tract or piece of land situate in the township of Haines, county of Centre and State of Penna. Bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a stone on township road, thence by lands of L. F. Albright, south 35¼ degrees west 6 8-10 perches to stones, thence by lands of the same, north 53½ degrees, west 2 perches to Pine Creek road, thence by said road south 55 degrees, west 21 3-10 perches to stones, thence by lands of Henry Musser north 16½ degrees, west 18 perches to pine stump, thence by lands of J. C. Motz, north 80 degrees, east 14 8-10 perches to pine stump, thence by lands of same, north 51½ degrees, east 7 8-10 perches to south east abutment of turnpike bridge, across Pine Creek. Thence by lands of J. C. Motz south 58½ degrees, east 6 7-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing one acre and fifty two perches Thereon erected a frame store house, ware house, a two story dwelling house, stable, and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Daniel Weidensaul and Shem Spigelmyer.

ALSO,

All the interest of the defendants in and to that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Snow Shoe township, Centre county, Penna. Adjoining lands of A. C. Hinton, John G. Uzzle and lands of Snow Shoe Land Association, consaining 16 acres more or less, about 12 acres cleared and under good state of cultivation, no improvements, Also the defendants interest in the following lots of ground in plot of Snow Shoe City. A lot fronting on Moshannon avenue and adjoining an alley being the one half part of lots No., 583 and 584, with a small stable erected thereon, Also lot 578, unimproved. Also lots No. 579 and 580, enclosed and planted in fruit trees. Also two other lots situate in the plot of Snow Shoe City, fronting on Moshannon avenue, between Nector street and an alley, numbers in said plot 585 and 586. Thereon erected a large two story dwelling house, large store room, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of A. C. Hinton, John G. Uzzle and Snow Shoe Land Association, containining 16 acres, more or less, about 12 acres cleared and under good state of cultivation, no improvements thereon. Also all the defendants interest in the following lots of ground in plot of Snow Shoe City a lot fronting on Moshannon avenue. Adjoining an alley, being one half of lots No. 583 and 584, with a small stable erected thereon. Also lot No. 578, unimproved. Also lots No. 579 and 580, enclosed and planted in fruit trees. Also two other lots situate in Snow Shoe City, fronting on Moshannon avenue, between Arch street and an alley, numbers in said plot 585 and 586. Thereon erected a large two story dwelling house, large store room, stable and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Sarah H. Crissman.

ALSO,

All that certain lot situate in ... or piece of ground ... Boydsville, Rush towns'p, Centre county, Penna. Bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by lot of J. R. McKinney (now Kendig & Clark) on the east by a street on the south by lands of John Dunkle and on the west by Atherton's lane. Fronting on the said Atherton's lane about 100 feet and extending back 200 feet to said street. Thereon erected a double two story frame dwelling house and other out buildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William Washburn.

ALSO,

All the defendants right, title and interest in and to all that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Boggs township, Centre county, Penna. Bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post thence by lands of Jacob C. Walker north 51½°, east 91 perches to stones, thence by lands of J. Iodings south 38½ deg., east 125 perches to pine, thence by lands of M'Coy & Linn south 5 deg., east 105 perches to W. O., thence west 26 perches to R. O., thence south 15 deg., east 5 perches to stone thence, west 53 perches to stones, thence north 31½, west 103 perches, by lands Ella Hancock to the place of beginning containing 114 acres and 28 perches. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Edward Brown.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Rush township, Centre county, Penna. bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on a corner of a lot (late) David Nelson Survey, thence by said Survey and lands of Hardman Philips south 64 deg., east 8 perches to a post, thence by lands of Hardman Philips south 26 deg., west 44 perches to a post, thence by lands of same north 64 deg., west 75 perches to post on Tyrone Turpike thence by said turnpike north 17 deg., east 33 perches to a post, thence by said road north 26 deg., east 111 perches to the place of beginning, containing 21¼ acres being the same tract of land which by sundry good and legal conveyances in the law had vested in J. A. Lukens party hereto and the said J. A. Lukens and Nancy his wife by their deed duly executed dated the 12th day of Oct., A. D. 1872, conveyed the same to Henry B. Wilcox, together with the hereditaments and appurtenances. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Henry B. Wilcox.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Ferguson township, Centre county, Penna, bounded on the north by lands of James S. Krape, on the east by lands belonging to the heirs of Dan'l Eckel and Andrew Houman on the south by lands of P. P. Patton and Henry Snyder and on the west by lands Jonathan Musser and Henry Bloom, containing 104 acres more or less. Thereon erected atwo story brick House, bank barn and other outbuildings. All cleared and in good state of cultivation. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of W. D. Ross.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Boggs township, Centre county, Penna. Described as follows: Beginning at a post at the public road thence north 42 deg., east 46 perches to a post, thence south 65 deg., east 18 perches to a post, thence along lands of Linn & McCoy to stone, thence north 77 deg., east 44 perches thence along lands of Anthony Baney 5 deg., west 80 perches to stones thence south 77 degrees, west 58 perches to stones, thence south 14 perches, thence along lands of John Curry south 5 deg., east 58 perches to an oak, thence north 77 deg., east 4 perches to place of beginning, containing 54 acres more or less, and allowances of 6 per cent. for roads, thereon erected a two story frame house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Chas. H. Moore and P. Moore

ALSO,

All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Snow Shoe Township Centre county Penna. bounded and described as follows, viz Beginning at a white oak thence by land formerly of William Baird south 319 perches to stones thence east 50 perches to stones thence north 319 perches to a rock oak thence west 50 perches to place of beginning containing 100 acres neat measure by the same more or less. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house barn and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of James Gates.

ALSO,

All that certain messuage tenement or tract of land situate in Boggs township Centre county Penna, bounded on the north by lands of John Curry on the east by lands of George Taylor on the south by lands of James Berdine Stratton and on the west by lands of Jacob Wagner, containing 150 acres, about 60 acres cleared no buildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Valentine Reese.

ALSO,

All that certain house and lot of ground situate in the Boro of Bellefonte Centre county Penna. Bounded on the west by Ridge street north by an alley east by lot of John Karns south by Howard street. Fronting 60 feet on said street and extending back 200 feet or there abouts to an alley, it being the same premises which J. P. Gephart acting admr. and trustee of the estate of J. B. Awl by deed granted and conveyed unto the said J. C. Williams together with the heriditaments and appurtenances. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house stable and other out buildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of James C. Williams.

ALSO

All that certain messuage tenement or tract of land situate in Harris township Centre county Penna, beginning at a stone near Spring Creek at the intersection of lands of Mrs. Elizabeth Boal and John Bricker thence North 22¾° west 5 perches to Slippery Elm thence north 20½° west 5 7 10 perches to post thence north 0½° west 304-10 perches to a post, thence north 73¾ east 45 3-10 perches to post thence north 6° east 26 7-10 perches to post thence north 42° west 28 perches to post thence along lands of J. G. Irwin south 64° west 27 perches to post thence along lands of said Irvin north 37° west 38 5-10 perches to post thence along lands of Rev. Robt. Hamill south 71½° west 32 perches to a white—thence along lands of said Hamill south 65° west 202 perches to a stone thence along Public road south 47½° east 119 perches to a stone, thence along lands of Thomas Dale north 36° east 20 perches to post thence along lands of Thomas Dale and Mrs. Elizabeth Boal east 196 5-10 perches to the place of beginning containing 258 acres 117 perches net measure as surveyed by Wm. Thompson Jr. on the 29th day of March A. D. 1875. Together with the heriditaments and appurtenances. Thereon erected a two story dwelling house (part stone and part log) bank barn and other out buildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Adam Stover, Jonathan Stover, Samuel Stover, George Koon and Sarah his wife Wm. Stover, David Stover and Henry W. Stover with notice to all terre tenants.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Walker township Centre county Penna. bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at stones thence by lands of Vanada, north 34½° west 117½ perches to stones thence by lands of Tilghman 100 5-10 perches to stones thence by lands sold to John Miller, south 30½ east 92 4-10 perches to stones thence south 55° west 37 5-10 perches to place of beginning. Containing 64 acres and 139 perches net measure. Together with the heriditaments and appurtenances. Thereon erected a two story dwelling house, barn and other out buildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George Bartholomew.

—Cash, no deed will be acknowledged till the purchase money is paid in full. L. W. MUNSON Sheriff.

PUBLIC SALE.

Will be sold by order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, ON SATURDAY NOVEMBER 24th, the following real estate as the property of Jacob Kline, deceased. All that certain TRACT OF LAND situate in the township af Potter, in the county of Centre, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by lands of Elias Herner and John Love, dec'd, on the west by lands of Samuel Wingert and others, south by lands of Andrew Jordan and James Glasgow, east by lands of James Glasgow and Robert Lee, containg 153 ACRES, MORE OR LESS. Thereon erected a 2 story log HOUSE AND BANK BARN, and out buildings, an ORCHARD and excellent spring on the premises, with Sinking Creek running through the farm.

Terms: One half the purchase money on confirmation of sale, the balance at the end of the year, subject to a dower, with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m. ED. KLINE.

JOHN SHANNON, Snov. Administrators.

PUBLIC SALE.

Will be sold, at Public Sale, at the residence of the undersigned at CENTRE HALL, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20th.

1 COW, TWO FAT HOGS, 1 Chamber Suit, 4 Bedsteads, 4 Toilet Tables, 1 Sett common Chairs, 1 sett Cane Chairs, 1 Cooking Stove and fixings, 1 Cook ... 1 Ten Plate Stove, 1 Sit... ... stove, long Cupboard, ... 1 Woodchest, 1 ... 2 Rocking Chairs, 2 Corner Cupboards, 1 Extension Table, TWO SEWING MACHINES, 2 Tailor's Tables, Crocks, Tubs, Dishes, Fruit Cans, Lard Cans, Washrubber, Wood buckets, Lot of Wood, Corn by the bushel, Lot of Tinware, Stovepipe, and many other articles. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, when terms will be made known.

Snov MRS. IRA T. COTTLE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made under the provisions of the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called "The St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church at Millheim," the chief object and purpose of which corporation is to engage in the worship of Almighty God, according to the faith and dicipline of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the State of Pennsylvania, and for this end to possess and enjoy all the rights, privileges and benefits of a corporation. Application for the approval of the charter will be made before his Honor, J. H. Orvis, at Chambers, on Saturday, the 1st day of December, 1877. ADAM HOY,

Snov Solicitor. 18oc

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty.

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will co as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved pattern; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 5-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the heaviest stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

Spring Mills Markets, Oct. 16:

White Wheat, 1 30.
Red " 1 30.
Rye, 50c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new, .40c
Oats, 25c.
Buckwheat, 75c.
Cloverseed 4.25 $, 4.50.
Potatoes, 25.
Onions, 50c.
Butter, per lb., 22c.
Lard,
Bacon, sides, 10c.
" shoulders, 10c.
" Hams, 14c.
Tallow, 7c.
Rags, 2c.
Eggs per doz., 20c.
Coal, Egg, per ton, $4.50.
" Stove, 4.75.
" Chestnut, 4.25.
" Pea, 3.00.

Bellefonte Markets.—by Shortlidge & Co.

Flour per barrel, wholesale, $ 7 50.
" retail, $8 00.
White wheat, 1 35.
Red " 1 35
Rye, 55.
Corn, shelled, 50
Corn, cob, 40.
Oats, 25.
Barley, rye weight, 55.
Cloverseed $4 per 64 pounds.
Potatoes retail, 30
Nova Scotia plaster, ground, 10 00.
Cayuga " $9 00.

New Store Room AND NEW STOCK.

Fall and Winter *Goods* IN Great Abundance AT WM. WOLF'S IN THE *New Bank Building,*

A Full Line of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, carefully selected, and embracing all manner of

DRESS GOODS,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
GROCERIES,
GLASSWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
TINWARE,
FISH, &C., &C.

Furnishing Goods OF AL KINDS.

NEW AND CHOICE INVOICE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

Full line of

Hats and Caps

For Men, Boys and Children.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Call and be Convinced that this is the Cheapest place to buy goods in this section.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.

Remember the place—in the New Bank Building, opposite the Old Stand.

BONNETS, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY,

At Mrs. Lucy Henny's, in Centre Hall,

who has just returned from Philadelphia, with the LATEST FASHIONS, and a complete stock of new Bonnets, new Hats, elegant Trimmings, &c., which will be sold or made up, at reasonable prices. Also, old ladies Dress Caps.

The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early. First come, first served. 25 oct 4t

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Dr. Peter Smith, late of Centre Hall, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law, for settlement. MARY SMITH, CHARLES SMITH, Executors. 25 oct

Fashionable Dressmaker.

The udersigned will, after the 9th Oct., 1877, open a dressmakers establishment in the house lately occupied by John H. Miller. All kinds of family sewing neatly done. Charges reasonable. Hoping to merit the patronage of the people of Centre Hall and vicinity by turning out neat and durable work. Mrs. Harvey Smith. 20sept tf.

1877—Fall—1877

I. J. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS,

has the goods. Largest stock!

SELECTION UNSURPASSED!

Prices Lower than Ever,

And now extends a cordial invitation to his friends, patrons, and public generally.

Also a Complete Assortment of Ready Made Clothing for men and boys. Suits as low as to be had in the city.

Imported and Domestic

DRYGOODS!

Full lines of

MERINO UNDERWEARS,

For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses and Children.

Hosiery, Gloves, Boots and Shoes, HATS, CAPS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

And the most complete assortment of

NOTIONS

in Central Pennsylvania, and prices that will compel you inself defence to buy of him. Also Fish, Salt, etc. 18oc

NEW MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE AT POTTER'S MILLS.

Mrs. Anna M. Weaver takes pleasure in announcing to the people of Potters Mills and vicinity, that she will open a new and elegant

STOCK OF FANCY GOODS,

in connection with a Millinery Store, on Saturday, Oct. 20th. A full line of choice and fashionable goods always on hand at popular prices.

Dressmaking in all its branches will be a prominent feature of the business. Hoct3m

COBURN AND SPRING MILLS.

—:o:— —:o:— —:o:—

MOTZ & SNOOK.

Coburn Station.

Wholesale and RETAIL DEALERS IN

--ALL KINDS OF GRAIN:--

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, CLOVERSEED, &c., &c.

Coal, Plaster and Salt

DELIVERED AT SPRING MILLS,

by the Car load, and at wholesale and retail at Coburn station.

Highest Cash Price Paid For Grain.

COAL SOLD AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

loct 3m MOTZ & SNOOK.

SPRING, - - - - - - - 1877.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

WE HAVE THE GOODS!

PRICES LOW!

selection Unsurpassed! stock large.

And now we extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons and the public generally. We will say this, Come! if we do not show you

THE BEST SELECTED STOCK

AT PRICES LOWER THAN USUAL,

and if we cannot prove that it is to your interest to patronize us, then don't buy; but come and satisfy yourself.

We have opened a full line of

DRY GOODS

Clothing, Carpets, Boots & Shoes, Groceries,

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, HATS AND CAPS,

and in fact everything and anything embraced in the above line.

We will beat everything in prices and assortment, and our past, we trust, will be a sufficient guarantee to our patrons of fair and honest treatment. We have established and will maintain our reputation. The large trade we do enables us to get fresh goods daily, which is a great advantage to our patrons in all lines, and more especially in Groceries. Call, and it will prove to your interest.

VALENTINES & CO.

H. HERMAN, Manager.

BOOTS. SHOES. BOOTS!!!

at Boyers, in Aaronsburg.

Where you will find the LARGEST STOCK of

Boots and shoes

ever brought to this country.

Sold very Cheap, and Guaranteed to *give satisfaction in wearing.*

None but Williamsport and Watsontown Stock *in his store. Anything from the tiniest and prettiest baby Shoes to men's Heavy Stoga Boots.*

LADIES, ALL LASTING GAITORS AS LOW AS 95 CENTS.

☞GO AND EXAMINE THE LARGEST AND FINEST LOT OF BOOTS AND SHOES, BETWEEN MIFFLINBURG AND BELLEFONTE.☜

I. D. Boyer.

NOW IS YOUR TIME.

Owing to the fact that we expect to move into our new store room about the 25th of November, and DESIRING TO OPEN AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK, we will until that time, in order to save us the trouble of moving old goods, offer our entire

Stock at First Cost—Without Reserve.

We have now in store a very large amount of goods, consisting of

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
CLOTHING,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
LADIES CLOAKS,
FURS,

And every article necessary for winter use in endless variety all of which w will actually

SELL AT COST.

Until our removal to our new rooms. COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

Inov1m JOSEPH BRO. & CO.

CENTRE HALL

DRUG STORE.

MILLER & SON.

(Successor to J. K. Miller & Son.)

Dealer in Pure Drugs and Medicines Dye stuffs, and Druggist's sundries.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS

For medicinal purposes.

The best brands of

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

always in stock.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

MILLER & SON

Jas. Harris & Co.

NO. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW.

HARDWARE,

IRON, NAILS,

PAINTS,

OILS, ETC.,

JAS. HARRIS & CO. Bellefonte.

A MAN

OF A THOUSAND.

Having discovered, in a manner almost providential, a positive cure for Consumption and all Lung Complaints, I feel it my duty to make known in a practical manner by furnishing a sample bottle, free of charge, to all sufferers, my only hope of remuneration being that the medicine will perform all I claim for it. The ingredients are of the choicest herbal products and perfectly safe; will be sent free to all. Address at once, Dr. O.

Two Apple-Trees.

It happened thus on one green afternoon,
When harvest fields were waiting for their moon,
And fruit was ripe and good,
That two amid the orchard grasses strayed
While apricots and yellow peaches made
Bright stains on the warm wood.

And on a branch that hung right overhead
Two golden apples grew, flecked through with red—
Grew perfect side by side.
"They are for us, sweetheart; love made them fair
With color of thy cheeks and of thy hair;
Come, gather them, sweet bride."

She stood on tiptoe in the pleasant place;
The swaying leaves made shadows on her face,
The apples touched her feet,
"Now this is mine, and this is thine, but we
Will make of them a gracious memory—
They are too fair to eat."

Then, half in loving earnest, half in mirth,
They hid the fruit within the rich, warm earth;
And year by year there grew
Two trees that made green shadows by their door,
And bore of golden apples wealthy store—
Gold fruit flecked rosy through;

Two kindly trees, that when the children played
In autumn nights within their scented shade
Would freely drop their store,
Or shed with lavish grace their sweetest flowers
Upon our lovers in the spring-time hours,
Telling the old tale o'er;

Two trees that always thought one couple fair,
One aged couple crowned with silver hair,
Who hold without a sigh
Sweet sessions, where clear Memory sat content,
Serenely satisfied with life spent,
And Immortality.

There are two graves beneath two apple-trees—
Two happy graves, made by the sweet spring breeze
With apple blossoms white;
Lapped in cool grasses when June roses blow;
In autumn's splendor, or in winter's snow,
Always a peaceful sight.

—*Harpers' Weekly.*

LUCILLE'S LETTER.

A midsummer day—the air heavy and sultry—the leaves of the trees, which have hung heavy and motionless for hours, beginning to rustle and tremble—the birds flying with shrill notes of of warning to their nests—cattle wending their way homeward in search of shelter—the tall corn bending lightly and gracefully toward the earth—a low storm-murmur telling the bee and butterfly to leave the honey feast and hide—the skies growing dark with threatening clouds—tangled skeins of lightning in the east—distant sounds of thunder—a young woman, with pretty, fair hair, small, feline mouth, and bright, shrewd, green-blue eyes, writing at a desk beside the open window of a handsome country house, one sheet of paper closely covered lies before her—she finishes a second and a third, glances over them, places them in an envelope, reaches out her hand for the one upon the desk; pauses a moment to lean from the window and watch the awful glory of the heavens; when, all its forces gathered, comes the wind like a young hurricane; snatches the envelope from her grasp, and bears it, with a shriek of triumph, far away.

A gentleman at least a quarter of a mile distant from the handsome house toward which he is hastening; tall, broad-shouldered, with a scholarly stoop—mild, gray, truthful eyes—gentle, refined mouth, honest, serious face—hair and beard slightly silvered, and hands filled with treasures gathered in the woods.

The fierce wind meets him—battles with him a moment—then suddenly dies away, and dying, drops an unaddressed envelope at his feet. He bends and picks it up—regards it a moment abstractedly—opens it—takes out a fragment of a letter—in another moment lets the forest treasures slip from his grasp—steps backward a pace or two—leans against the sturdy trunk of an old chestnut tree and with puzzled look and knitted brow reads what the wind has brought him slowly and carefully through from beginning to end, and this is what he reads:

Not introduce you to Uncle Maurice until six months are past. I want him to believe that I have been thoroughly devoted to him for the last two years, ever since he took me from the convent school where I became pupil-teacher when my father died.

At the end of the six months, on my twenty-first birthday, he has half promised to make over to me this house and grounds and all they contain, and the probability of the half promise becoming a whole one and being fulfilled is very much stronger if he be kept in happy ignorance of our love affair than it would be if he even suspected my year's engagement to you. So you see, my dear boy, it is all nonsense—romantic nonsense your urging me to confess to my uncle in hopes of hastening our marriage.

It would be consummate folly to run such a risk, for there's no telling what these very good people will do when all their lifelong prejudices receive a sudden shock.

Uncle Maurice finding that I had deceived him might banish me to the obscurity from which he took me!

Then we could never marry, for you have but a small income, scarcely sufficient to procure the comforts and luxuries absolutely necessary to a man of society, and I have nothing but a hot for comfort and luxury commensurate with your own.

Be patient, trust to me and your patience shall soon be rewarded. And really, when one comes to consider, you have much less to complain of than I. You have no disagreeable old uncle to find fault with you. For, as I have told you before, Uncle Maurice, though a great favorite with most people, is extremely disagreeable to me. We haven't a taste, a feeling in common, and were it not for the benefit accruing, I would not remain beneath the same roof with him another week.

In the first place he is unpleasantly truthful, and thereby getting one constantly into awkward scrapes; in the next, he looks with perfect horror on round dances, believing them inventions of his satanic majesty, and I, who dote upon them, have to tell our guests—how you would laugh to hear me—that I do not allow them. (Do you remember our first galop?)

Then he insists upon entertaining every month some fifty dreadful children whom he gathers from the surrounding villages, and I am compelled to assume the part of the lovely, charitable young mistress of the mansion, in white decorated with blue ribbons, and preside over the feast, the money expended on which I can't help thinking all the time would have added some nice little trifle to my wardrobe or jewel-case.

Just think of it! Pouring out tea and cutting cake for half a hundred pauper children—I who hate poverty in any form and only like children in poetry.

But to go back to the subject. You can make your appearance as soon as the house is mine and I will introduce you as an acquaintance made in town at one of the Lida Cranston's receptions. And when you do appear you must get rid of, for a time, at least (I wouldn't have you give it up altogether, for to me it is intensely amusing), your habit of making fun of everything and everybody.

And you must also pretend a great interest in cocoons, chrysalis and all sorts of horrid insects and in everything relating to birds and animals, and never forget to pat the dog and stroke the cat whenever they come near you.

You can be a very agreeable fellow when you choose, and I am sure with a little pardonable hypocrisy you can make Uncle Maurice like you.

Once he likes you, I'll follow suit—which will be a compliment to his taste—and fall in love with you.

Then we can marry as soon as we choose. Immediately after our marriage business calls you to Europe; the house is to-let—I have an excellent tenant in view—and with many expressions of regret, we bid farewell to our tiresome uncle.

Now, Charles, send me no more grumbling letters. My programme must be carried out, and carried out with much discretion, for besides the gift I expect on my twenty-first birthday I shall receive, as you know, a large sum of money when Uncle Maurice dies, being his only legal heir.

Of course some wretched institutions for wretched people will come in for a share, but I have every reason to hope the greater portion of his wealth will be mine.

You hint that he may marry again. No fear of it. He adds extreme constancy to his other humdrum virtues, and has scarcely looked at another woman, so friends tell me, since his wife died, fifteen years ago.

Indeed, he himself told me one evening in an unwonted fit of confidence that "his heart was buried in his Cecelia's grave," or words to that effect. And knowing that said heart is safely stowed away under a tombstone, it is rare satisfaction to me to watch the young maids, old maids and widows setting their caps at him whenever they can get a chance, which is very seldom, and to see him walking the while sublimely indifferent among them, totally unconscious of their hopes and fears.

One of the old maids, they say, is really in love with him, and has been all her life, since her childhood's days, when he and she attended the village school together.

In return for her early affection she had the honor of being bridesmaid to her successful rival, and I fear her later devotion will meet with no return at all.

She is a Quakeress—Ruth Wilson by name—one of those timid, low-voiced, dark-haired, self-sacrificing women, with eyes like a cow, that women of the world cannot tolerate.

I must say that she has never shown in the slightest way the feeling ascribed to her in my presence.

True, she came here when Uncle Maurice was so sick last summer, and nursed him through the delirious part of his fever (and I was very glad to have her do it, as I was terribly afraid of infection), but that goes for nothing, as she is fond of playing the part of a sister of charity, and is oftener found at the bedside of some very ill or dying person than in her own ridiculously snug little cottage.

However, I was careful to have her go before uncle became conscious, and have taken care ever since that he never should find out she was here. Not that I think there is any more danger in that quarter than any other, for Uncle Maurice, when they meet, which is only on the childrens' tea and cake days, seems scarcely aware of her presence.

But, as I said before, in cases like this, one can hardly be too careful. Uncle believes firmly that to the unceasing care and untiring watchfulness of his devoted neice he owes his life. May he continue in that belief!

And now good-bye. Destroy this letter as soon as read and rely implicitly on the judgment and constancy of

Your own LUCILLE.

The gentleman had just finished reading these lines when down came the rain in torrents, but he deliberately folded the paper and placed it in his pocket, buttoned his coat across his breast, crushed his soft, broad-brimmed hat over his eyes and turned about in a different direction from that which led to his home.

Through the rain, along the muddy road, under the wet trees he plodded until the tiniest of tiny white cottages loomed in sight. A pretty little cottage in a pleasant tree-shaded lane running off from the highway until a steep green hill said: "Thou shalt go no farther." In front, a small neat garden where tall sunflower and hollyhocks guarded the pathway; Virginia creepers and honeysuckles climbed the front porch and ran wildly over the gabled roof, and just before the door a row of many-colored four-o'clocks were opening their leaves and flinging a delicate fragrance upon the air.

The shower, which had been growing lighter and lighter, ceased entirely as he entered the garden gate—the birds in the old pear tree near by began chirping gaily to welcome the returning sun, and a glorious rainbow spanned the heavens.

To the porch of the tiny cottage came a small, slender woman, in a gown of silver-gray stuff, with a spotless white handkerchief about her neck and crossed upon her bosom, and a half-knitted stocking in one thin, white hand.

With the other hand she pushed back the pretty rings of brown hair that would break loose from the dainty white cap she wore and looked out with beautiful brown eyes at the glowing bow of peace set in the bright blue skies.

And then, becoming suddenly conscious of the dripping figure approaching, she exclaimed, "Maurice! and how wet thee is, and I have no dry garments to offer thee."

Maurice smiled a sweet, grave smile. "I didn't expect you would have, Ruth," he said, as he ascended the steps and stood beside her; "but I shall stay only a moment, and then walk briskly home, and I don't think there'll be any harm done."

"Thee'll go in and see mother, surely?"

"Not to-day, Ruth. I came to see you alone—I have a question to ask you." She looked wonderingly at him. "Ruth," clasping the hand that held the knitting, and thereby unraveling ever so many stitches, "is it true that you love me?"

The sweet eyes drooped, and a hot flush rose to the fair face.

"Forgive me, if I asked thee too hastily," he added, falling into her own mode of speech, "but if thee dost, I want thee for a wife."

"I have loved thee all my life," was the clear, low reply.

Miss Lucille Western's marriage to her correspondent, Charles Dessler, took place much sooner than she had expected it would, at the residence (through the intercession of her new aunt, sweet Mistress Ruth Weston) of her Uncle Maurice.

And as soon as the wedding ceremony was concluded the young couple started for the home of the bridegroom's mother in Germany.

And it was there, while in the midst of the festivities consequent on the celebration of her twenty-second birthday, that Mrs. Charles Dessler's pleasure at receiving a liberal check and a forgiveness from her old home was slightly dashed by the accompanying news—Uncle Maurice had another, and a much nearer heir.

Permanent Exhibitions.

The beneficial effect of permanent exhibitions in diffusing a love of industry and a peaceful emulation over the entire globe, is rapidly becoming more and more apparent. Since 1854 Great Britain has had her permanent exhibition at Sydenham; the industrial resources of France and her highest attainment of artistic skill are permanently exhibited in the Palais de l'Industrie; and the handicraft of American workmen, as compared with that of the older nations of the earth, is represented at the permanent exhibition, at Philadelphia.

The permanent exhibition in this country differs materially from that of the Crystal Palace exhibition, at Sydenham. The leading features of the English exhibition are its musical entertainments, theatrical performances, and works of art, embracing painting, sculpture, photography and its appliance, lithography in all its branches as applied to printing—either plain or chromo—engravings, etc. Agriculture, manufactures, mechanics, hydraulics, etc., being only incidental to making the largest and most popular exhibition of musical talent and theatrics in Europe.

Mr. Cheerybles propped his six-months-old boy up in a high chair, and then looking admiringly at the crowing youngster, asked his wife what was the difference between the Indian chief now in Canada and their youngest offspring. Of course Mrs. Cheerybles "gave it up," and the proud father exclaimed, "One is Sitting Bull and the other is sitting bully. Mrs. Cheerybles fainted.

CHIEF JOSEPH'S SURRENDER.

Details of the Desperate Two Days' Fight Preceding the Capitulation of Chief Joseph's Band of Nez Perces Indians.

The Nez Perces hostiles, under the command of Chief Joseph, have surrendered unconditionally to the United States forces under General Miles at Snake creek, near the Bear Paw mountains, Montana. The surrender was made after a desperate battle lasting over two days. The camp contained 350 men, women and children, of which 160 were fighting warriors. The Indians betrayed none of the brutality usually manifested to wounded prisoners in their hands prior to the surrender, and, while fighting stubbornly as long as they could, acted in a surprisingly civilized manner. The following is a graphic description of the battle so successfully waged by General Miles, and that of the surrender, forwarded by the New York *Herald* correspondent in the field:

At dawn two of the numerous scouts which General Miles always keeps in front of him on marches through the Indian country, reported the position of the Nez Perces and their herd. The general urged everything forward. The cavalry, his own infantry mounted on Indian ponies, the pack train and all moved briskly on. His approach lay across the open, looking toward a hill. The herd of Indian horses, guarded by the youngest boys of the tribe, first came in view. A single dash of the Second cavalry secured 700 ponies, almost before the warriors, concealed beyond the herders, knew of the proximity of the troops. The Indian boys in charge of the herd broke away with the rest of the horses in a wild gallop to the right. They were followed by all the three companies of the Second cavalry, which were ordered by General Miles not only to capture as many animals as possible, but to work around to the rear of Joseph's encampment.

Then the general directed the opening charge upon the Indians themselves. Mounted on his horse, which he rode from first to last of the battle, he guided the engagement. He looked the leader that he was—rough, tough and ready. Weighing nearly two hundred pounds, he sat on his charger like a centaur, his brown mustache and side whiskers, slightly mixed with gray, adorned features that are heavy but pleasing, and were overshadowed by a broad-brimmed, slouched drab hat. A wide blue ribbon encircled its crown, with blue streamers behind. He wore a red blanket, frontier shirt and a black necktie, its ends floating over his shoulders; outside the shirt a buckskin coat, short at the hips and carelessly buttoned; the light blue trousers of a private soldier, with stripes down the seams, and coarse boots completed his attire. This bronzed general of the frontier trotted forward to the head of the Seventh cavalry troop at nine o'clock, and shouted: "Charge them!"

Their way seemed clear, but suddenly their horses halted in the midst of a gallop. At the edge of a steep bank overlooking the ravine, at the bottom of which stood the lodges of the Nez Perces, the officers of the three companies called to their men to dismount. They flung their bridles and lariats to the winds, and plucking their rifles from their saddle pommels discharged them at the lodges below. Their volley was met by a fierce return. Major Hale's voice then sounded: "Charge, boys!" The major at the same instant received his first wound, but like the others he leaped over the edge of the embankment down among the tepees. As he alighted on his feet a bullet pierced him mortally in the heart. He stopped, staggered and, raising his right hand to his head, again shouted feebly: "Charge them!" He fell forward upon his face, dead. His lieutenant, Biddle, mortally hurt at almost the same moment, reeled backward and fell across his body. Thus these two heroes perished in the midst of wild outcries from their comrades, who were firing into and sacking the Nez Perces' lodges.

For a few minutes there was a wild exhibition of hardihood. Lieutenant Eckerson, raising himself from the gully after his leap, called out to his men: "Fire wherever you see a head!" Then, filling his pipe with tobacco, he said aside: "This is a fine camp, where you cannot find a fire to get a light to smoke by." Meantime the bullets were singing and Captain Godfrey and Captain Moylan, affectionately known as "Mickey" Moylan, were wounded. The firing from the Indians on their first recovery after the retreat is described as terrific. General Miles speaks of it as the most desperate discharge of magazine guns he had ever heard. The men of the Seventh were cut down like straws. Many of them fell far beyond the lodges and were left dying and wounded when their comrades were forced to fall back. So critical during a few moments was the position of the three companies of the Seventh that they were probably only saved from wholesale slaughter by a detachment of the Fifth infantry, whose commander's name neither of the scouts who bring these tidings recalls. He is said to have brought his men up to the verge of the bank on their ponies, to have dismounted them in line and to have ordered a most effective volley from all their pieces at the Indians, just before they leaped, with a swelling cry, into the bottom. Then, coolly reloading their rifles, they received a volley from the Nez Perces. Their commander yelled to the cavalry to come back, and in the next instant his men gave the Indians a salute which caused them to retreat precipitately to their holes. The Indians fighting thereafter from their entrenchments fired more warily at their foes, for General Miles having killed nearly thirty of them and discovered their position, made an immediate surround of their encampment. He posted his companies of infantry and cavalry so as to command them on all sides and compel them to stick to their burrows. The squaws and children were secluded in the deepest pits, out of sight and range of the soldiers.

A Wonderful Echo.

Our last visit in Milan, writes a correspondent, was to the Villa Simonetti, a huge old palace in a plantation about two miles beyond the city gates, now let out as a tenement house, and swarming with washerwomen and their broods. You climb toilsomely into the fourth story, and are ushered into a small room facing an angle of the lofty flat walls which surrounded the court-yard on three sides, the fourth side being open to the level plain beyond. A woman takes up a great trumpet, shaped like a fog-horn, and proceeded to yell, shriek and grumble through it a number of sharp and flat notes, and a marvelous echo comes back from the opposite angle, and plays along the sides of the walls, repeating and thrilling the sounds I cannot tell how many times, now in plaintive musical strains, now in singular cadences, now in rollicking, guffawing, exuberant jocularity.

Then the damsel—who lives by the fees that the echo brings her in, like Elipaz, the Temanite, "filling her stomach with the east wind"—took down an old musket, and loading it with great formality, ceremoniously handed it to your correspondent to fire, but not knowing whether it would kick or burst, the offer was politely declined, and, like another Moll Pitcher or Maid of Saragossa, she fired it out of the window herself against the opposing angle with the most astonishing effect, the discharge echoing and re-echoing, first like the file firing of a company of infantry, then like the applause in a theatre, and fainter, until it died away like the ticking of a clock, and expired in a sound like the faint humming of insects. She says it repeated ninety times. She might just as well have made it the even hundred, for I tried to verify her statement by actual count, but had to give it up in despair. One might appropriately call this talking wall a "sermon in stones." It is said to be the most remarkable echo in the world, and I can well believe it.

A father inquires of his son whether he can construe Homer, if he understands Horace, and can taste Virgil; but seldom does he ask, or examine, or think whether he can restrain his passions, whether he is grateful, generous, humane, compassionate, just and benevolent.

DETROIT'S FAMOUS JUSTICE.

An Hour with His Honor and Bijah at the Central Station Court.

Such a crisp, clear morning as it turned out to be was sufficient to make all the prisoners feel good, and Bijah, the old janitor, hadn't looked so well in six or seven months. He forgot all about that breach of promise suit and that telegram from Boston asking the size of his feet, and he went around singing:

Oh, autumn has come,
And it makes things hum,
And the house-fly is dumb,
She are.
We'll soon have some snow,
And a-skiting we'll go
And our noses will glow
Like a lantern in a dark night.

Bijah gets off such little things without the least mental effort, and his friends have more than once besought him to publish a volume of his poems.

A GRAND DUKE.

"Bring out that sprig of nobility," commanded his honor, as he finished siging the warrants. "If there is Bourbon among us I want to know it."

Charles De Love followed Bijah from cell No. 4. He had a foreign look about him—foreign to combs and soap and towels, but dukes are as liable to get mussed up as anybody else. He had three plain brass rings on his left hand, and two ornamental brass rings on his right hand, and his oroide watch chain reflected three thousand rays of the morning sun. While his particular warrant was being searched for, a bootblack softly hummed:

Oh! he is nobby—
Oh! he is neat—
Behold his soft curls
And his wee little feet!

"Charles De Love," began his honor, "you went up on Rivard street a few days ago and made a French family believe that you were a grand duke, right from Paris. You said you had shaken hands with Thiers, lent money to MacMahon, winked at the late Napoleon and been the leader of all the projects for public improvements. You claimed to have fled to this country to escape marriage with a German Princess, and you succeeded in beating the family out of two weeks' board and borrowing $5 on top of that. The star of destiny is always laying low for just such chaps as you. You took the money and went on a curve, and this glorious October sun shines upon you as a prisoner. Have you anything to say?"

"I am sorry," replied the prisoner.

"Being sorry won't help the matter any," continued the court. "It is just such impositions as the one you practiced that tell against the good as well as the bad. Now that you have palmed yourself off for a duke the public will be on their guard. A genuine prince might come to my house to-night and ask for bread and butter with sugar on it, but he wouldn't get any, and a deserving man would be driven from my door. I shall now proceed to make it sad for you by imposing a sentence of sixty days."

"Can I see a friend?" asked the duke.

"Yes, sir, you can; give him the rings and chains and other valuable ornaments and ask him to bury them below the frost line and mark the spot for you. The rule up there is that no prisoner can wear more than one diamond ring except on Sundays."

GEORGE CABLE'S SURPRISE.

George Cable, sailor, had perfect control of his features as he walked out. Every line of his face expressed amazement and surprise, as he looked over the desk and remarked:

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

"I think so, too," replied the court.

"I went to bed last night in the fourth story of the Mansion House, in Buffalo," continued the sailor, "and this morning I am here! Well, this beats me!"

"Yes, it's very easy to beat you," answered the court.

"But I'd like to know how I came here."

"Yes? and I'll tell you. At midnight last night you were found lying on the walk. Two of the philosophers on the police force drew you in here."

"But I wasn't drunk—I couldn't have been drunk!"

"Couldn't you?"

"No, sir. I haven't been drunk in twenty-seven years."

"Perhaps you had a stroke of fermented paralysis."

"I—yes, I did, come to think of it."

"Well, in that case the sentence will be for only thirty days," sighed the court. "If you are subject to paralysis I can't think of doing by you as I would by an old stager."

"I—I don't understand this thing!" stammered the sailor.

"No? Well, the driver of the Maria is a great talker. He will explain as you ride up. Don't be afraid to draw him out on all points."

The sailor went into the corridor with a dark look on his face, and as Bijah followed him he jumped behind the stove, stuck a darning-needle into the end of the broom-stick, and declared that he'd perish right there or die.

Later.—It took four officers to load him up, but he didn't seem to feel proud of the fact.

Second Edition.—When landed at the door of the House of Correction he meekly inquired if somebody wouldn't send a postal card to his mother and inform her that he had gone to Houghton Lake on a bear-hunt.

Justice is a big Injun. She's always ahead.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

As a man's life, so in his studies, it is the most beautiful and humane thing in the world so to mingle gravity with pleasure, that the one may not sink into melancholy nor the other rise up in wantonness.

Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be as long as the world endures. Plain good intentions, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is of no mean force in the government of mankind.

The noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of a fault aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful—wise in spying that which I see not; faithful in plain admonishment not tainted with flattery.

In comparing men and books one must always remember this important distinction—that one can put the books down at any time. As Macaulay says: "Plato is never sullen, Cervantes is never petulant, Demosthenes never comes unseasonably, Dante never stays too long."

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant. While its opponent, ingratitude, is a deadly weed—not only poisonous in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with foetid vapors.

Virtue without the graces is like a rich diamond unpolished—it hardly looks better than a common pebble; but when the hand of the master rubs off the roughness and forms the sides into a thousand brilliant surfaces, it is then that we acknowledge its worth, admire its beauty and long to wear it on our bosoms.

A Hundred Scents on the Dollar.

The other day Mr. Middlerib stopped at a grocery and bought some onions, giving the grocer a two dollar bill. Among the change handed back to the customer was an old one dollar bill. It had been taken in that morning for kerosene oil, and there was just a dash of the oil on it, that had been spilled in the stopper in the oil can. Then he had it on a pile of codfish while he fixed the stopper in the oil can. Then he had it on his hand while he cut off a couple of pieces of cheese, and the cheese on the bill struggled with the codfish and kerosene for pre-eminence. Then it got a little touch of mackerel and a little tincture of stale egg on it, and at last the grocer stuffed it into his pocket along with a plug of tobacco, and finally, when Middlerib got it with his onions, he held it to his nose once or twice, sniffed it with an investigating air, and at last walked out of the store with a cheerful countenance, saying: "By George, we're all right now. Good times are here again, and the government is paying one hundred scents on the dollar."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

The centennial of the surrender of Burgoyne's army to Gates was celebrated at Schuylerville, N. Y., by the laying of a corner-stone commemorative of the event. Forty thousand people collected to witness the exercises, and military companies were present from Hartford, Conn., Bennington, Vt., and different parts of New York State. Addresses were delivered by ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, George William Curtis, Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, and others, and an original poem by Alfred B. Street was recited.

A fire broke out in a five-story furniture factory on West Eighteenth street, New York city, and the flames extended so rapidly that seven buildings were burned before they could be subdued. The damage will exceed $200,000, partially insured.

George T. Plume, a New York broker, well known in the financial circles of the city, sent a message to the Stock Exchange that he was unable to meet his contracts; and further developments disclosed that he had appropriated to his own use over $100,000 belonging to the Lamont estate, of which he was an executor.

William M. Tweed testified before an aldermanic committee in New York that he was now a bankrupt; that since 1871 he had paid to lawyers $1,490,500; that since that period he had lost $1,206,150, and that $5,000 could not be realized from the property now owned by him. He also stated that it cost him $60,000 to escape from Ludlow street jail, that sum having been paid to the various persons who aided him in getting away.

A boatman rowing on one of the lakes in Central Park, New York, discovered the body of a handsome and fashionably-dressed woman. The corpse proved to be Mrs. Thomas Otis Leroy, aged forty-one, residing in Fifth avenue. She had evidently thrown herself into the water intentionally.

Some time ago an advertisement in the "Personal" column of the New York *Herald* contained the following: "Beware of the blackmailing crowd at Nos. 51 and 53 West Twenty-fifth street." Whereupon Mrs. Robertson, who kept a boarding house at the places indicated, sued the *Herald* for libel, and the jury awarded her damages in the sum of $10,000.

By an explosion in the cartridge department of the Watervliet arsenal at Albany, N. Y., John McKeever and Cornelius Carmody were injured, the latter fatally.

Patrick Williams was shot by a boy named Thomas Owen at Lowell, Mass., and died the next day.

By the fall of an elevator at Elmira, N. Y. W. M. Terwilliger was killed and Michael Lana han had a leg broken; John Tierney was killed by an express train at Hightstown, N. J.

The Oswego Falls Woolen Mills, near Fulton, N. Y., were partially burned, and a large quantity of valuable machinery, wool and finished cloth was destroyed, causing a loss of $100,000, on which there is a full insurance.

The Sharpsville Savings Bank, of Sharpsville, Pa., has suspended payment.

Reynolds & Wessel, wholesale druggists of Buffalo, N. Y., failed with liabilities of about $30,000.

At New Haven, Conn., the American Mutual Life and the American Mutual Life and Trust Companies were enjoined from transacting all business except that which may be indispensable, pending a petition to have a receiver appointed for each company.

Thirty thousand pounds of wool in B. Heaton's store-house at Rouse's Point, N. Y., were destroyed by fire and a loss of $15,000 was incurred.

Clinterville, N. Y., was devastated with smallpox, seventy persons having died within a short time.

A fire over an acre in extent in a mine at Green Bridge, near Scranton, Pa., was caused by an accumulation of large quantities of fire damp. Relays of men were engaged night and day in extinguishing the flames.

By a fire in Madison, N. J., five buildings including the passenger station of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad and a large amount of valuable property, were destroyed. The loss is about $30,000; partially insured.

Two sons of William Downey, of Pittsfield, Mass., were killed by the bursting of a gun.

Samuel Humphries and Edmund Smith, convicted of burning the Lebanon Valley railroad bridge, near Reading, Pa., during the recent strike troubles, have been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $1,000 each.

Western and Southern States.

The Market Street Savings Bank, of San Francisco, failed, owing to a heavy withdrawal of accounts.

A special commission appointed to investigate the San Francisco custom house, report that the business was generally conducted in a faithful and honest manner.

The third meeting of the triennial Congregational council was held at Detroit, Mich., about 200 delegates, representing all parts of the country, being in attendance. Ex-Governor W. B. Washburn, of Massachusetts, was chosen moderator, and a statistical report was read, showing that there are 3,325 Congregational churches in the United States, a gain of 184 since 1874. These have 350,658 members—a gain of 26,979 in three years—and 405,092 Sunday school scholars. The pastors in charge of churches number 2,713, and the annual church expenses are $4,400,000.

Francis Murphy was elected president of the National Christian Temperance Union at Cleveland, Ohio.

Ex-treasurer Parker, of South Carolina, was lodged in jail at Columbia, charged with embezzling the public funds.

John Eddy Moffitt, aged seven years, a son of a wealthy Quaker gentleman in Richmond, Ind., was kidnapped by two roving gypsies. They were pursued all night by armed horsemen and were captured next day in a ravine. The abductors claimed that the boy is Charlie Ross and that they had carried on a correspondence with his father for ten months. The friends of Mr. Moffitt laugh at the idea of his being concerned in the Charlie Ross abduction affair.

A land swindle on an enormous scale was unearthed in Kansas City, Mo., by the arrest of J. R. Ham, Edward L. Stevens and George W. Miller, on a requisition of the governor of Texas. The men arrested are charged with forging land titles and issuing fraudulent deeds for immense tracts of land in Texas; and in order to perfect their plans it is alleged their confederates had made duplicate copies of notary and other seals and obtained copies of the signatures of many Texas State officers. All the titles and patents used by them—representing either the general government or State lands—were forged, while they had printed blank forms and duplicates of deeds necessary for their operations. Gov. Hubbard's attention had been drawn to the matter a year ago, and after investigation he informed the government at Washington, who sent on a special agent to make a full examination. A thorough search resulted in the simultaneous arrest, in different parts of the country, of sixty members of the gang of swindlers; and it was further ascertained that they had burned no less than fourteen court houses, in order to destroy the proofs of their crimes. Large quantities of land have been fraudulently conveyed by the conspirators to many persons all over the country.

The suspension of the Home Savings Bank, of Elgin, Ill., is announced.

Two robbers attacked Joseph Hansen, a commercial traveler, as he was crossing a bridge 146 feet high near Big Clifty, Ky., whereupon Hansen drew a revolver, shot one of his assailants and threw the other over the bridge, fatally injuring both.

From Washington.

Hon. Joseph R. Hawley arrived in Washington for the purpose of urging upon Congress the passage of an appropriation for the representation of the United States at the approaching French exhibition.

Among the nominations sent to the Senate for confirmation are the following: John M. Harlan to be Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. To be Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary of the United States—Edward F. Noyes, of Ohio, to France; James Russell Lowell, of Massachusetts, to Spain; John A. Kasson, of Iowa, to Austria; Thomas A. Osborn, of Kansas, to Chili; Henry W. Williard, of Georgia, to Brazil. Minister Residents of the United States—John L. Stevens, of Maine, to Sweden and Norway; James M. Comly, of Ohio, to Hawaiian Islands; John M. Langston, of the District of Columbia, to the Republic of Hayti.

Col. Polk, the door-keeper of the House, was overwhelmed with applications for positions, at least one thousand persons having importuned him for office.

The Congressional monetary commission's report, presented to the Senate, makes a volume of over 200 pages, and is in favor of paying the debt in silver or gold.

The bill introduced by Senator Edmunds, to prevent abuses in the sale of postage stamps and stamped envelopes, provides that no postmaster or deputy postmaster, or other person intrusted by the United States, the post-office department or the postmaster-general with postage stamps or stamped envelopes, shall sell or dispose of the same otherwise than in the regular course of official business, at their face value, and for cash on delivery. It also provides that any postmaster or other person who shall violate the provisions of the preceding section shall be deemed guilty of embezzlement, and shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine not exceeding $1,000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both said punishments, in the discretion of the court. In conclusion, the bill requires the following affidavit to be subscribed and attached by postmasters and deputy postmasters to each of their regular quarterly returns: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I have not, since making my last quarterly return, disposed of any of the postage stamps or stamped envelopes in my charge for sale, otherwise than in pursuance of law."

P. B. S. Pinchback has written a letter to Senator Grover, chairman of the committee on privileges and elections, renewing his claim to a seat in the United States Senate from Louisiana.

The commission appointed by the United States to go to Canada and treat with Sitting Bull, has had a conference with the redoubtable Indian chief at Fort Walsh, but failed to bring him to terms.

From all the accounts received at Washington it appears that this year's wheat crop is the largest known in the history of the country.

The manager of the Woodruff scientific expedition have secured the services of several naval officers to command the vessel in which they intend to make a voyage around the world.

General Sherman has returned to Washington from a four months' visit to the Indian country, and will prepare a report on the Indian policy.

Foreign News.

The Russians have already lost 60,000 men on the Danube by battle or disease.

Property to the amount of $100,000 was burned at Whitby, Ontario. The fire was caused by the upsetting of a lamp.

General Grant arrived at Birmingham, England, and was received by the mayor and town council.

Several Spanish newspapers protest against the duty of fifty cents per ton on Spanish ships entering United States ports, which comes into operation this autumn, and they advise retaliatory navigation duties.

The steamer Olga, having in tow the Egyptian obelisk, presented by the Khedive of Egypt to Great Britian, was compelled to abandon the monument during a heavy gale. The Olga lost her second mate and five seamen while transferring the crew on the craft which contained the obelisk.

The Russians have won a decisive victory over the Turks in Asia Minor. The Turkish troops, under Moukhtar Pasha, were driven into Kars in disorder, after suffering a great loss in killed and wounded. A portion of Moukhtar's army was captured, including thirty-two guns, a large amount of war material and seven pashas.

The Chinese demand tribute from Siam, and a war between the two countries is imminent.

A rebellion in Japan has been overthrown, and the cholera there is no longer a subject of danger.

The obelisk, which was abandoned at sea by the steamer Olga, was recovered by another English vessel and towed into a Spanish port.

A Spanish force in Cuba surprised a body of thirty insurgents, killing fifteen, among whom were Machado, president of the Cuban chambers, and Larrua, the Cuban secretary of war.

A new cattle disease that broke out in Russia destroyed thousands of animals.

A fire supposed to be of incendiary origin, broke out in a woodshed at Portland, a suburb of St. John, N. B., and spread with such rapidity that it swept away everything in its track for blocks, destroying 230 wooden houses and rendering 2,000 people homeless. Of these 700 had been sufferers by the great fire last June. A number of persons were killed and injured and great distress and suffering prevailed.

Kars in Asia Minor has been completely invested by the Russians.

CONGRESS—EXTRA SESSION.

Senate.

Mr. Edmunds called up the resolution to revive and continue the standing and other committees of the Senate, and it was adopted.

Mr. Sargent introduced a resolution calling upon the President for a statement of the expenditures and receipts of the navy department from 1789 to June 30, 1876. Upon suggestion of Mr. Davis the resolution was amended to include a similar request in regard to the war department.

A large number of bills and petitions were presented, among the latter being many from different parts of the country, calling for an increase of pay to the letter carriers.

Mr. Beck introduced a bill for the removal of all disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The object of this bill is to repeal what is known as the "ironclad oath."

A bill introduced by Mr. Hamlin, to establish the territory of Huron, was referred.

The President's message was delivered and read by the secretary and referred to the committee on appropriations.

Mr. Conkling presented the petition of the commissioners appointed by the State of New York for the purpose of having erected a monument to the memory of David Williams, one of the captors of Major Andre in the revolutionary war, asking that Congress make an appropriation of $10,000, to be used in connection with the $2,000 appropriated by the State of New York, in erecting a monument or suitable work of art to his memory. Referred.

Mr. Edmunds offered a resolution that a committee of seven be appointed to take into consideration the law relating to the election of the President and Vice-President. Laid over.

Mr. McCreary offered a bill repealing the bankrupt law and advocated its passage.

A number of bills were presented and referred to appropriate committees.

Mr. Davis submitted a resolution stating that there appeared to be material differences, alterations and discrepancies in the financial reports of the treasury department, and authorizing the appointment of a special committee to investigate the matter. Resolution ordered to be printed and lie on the table.

Mr. Thurman's resolution to admit Mr. Spofford, of Louisiana, to a seat in the Senate was debated by Senators Edmunds, Thurman, Mitchell, Bayard and Christiancy. A substitute, referring the matter to the committee on privileges and elections, was carried by a vote of 36 to 33, and an amendment by Mr. Conkling, referring the rival claims of William P. Kellogg, of Louisiana, to the same committee, was agreed to.

Mr. Ingalls introduced a bill to authorize the coining of the silver dollar, and restore its legal tender character.

Mr. Merriman introduced a bill amending the laws in relation to vacancies in the offices of President and Vice-President. The bill states that in case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and Vice-President of the United States, the secretary of state, or in case there be no secretary of state, then the secretary of the treasury, or in case there be no secretary of the treasury, then the postmaster-general shall act as President until one be elected. He also introduced a bill to repeal section 4,716 of the Revised Statutes so as to restore to the pension rolls the names of all those stricken therefrom on account of disloyalty.

After discussion Mr. Tharman withdrew his motion to discharge the committee on privileges and elections from further consideration of the credentials of J. B. Eustis as United States Senator from Louisiana.

Bills were introduced by Mr. Beck and Mr. Hereford for the repeal of the resumption act.

Mr. Jones introduced a bill providing for the coinage of a standard silver dollar and making them legal tender for all sums in payment of all public or private debts excepting such as under existing contracts are expressed therein to be otherwise payable.

Mr. Matthews introduced a bill providing for the distribution of the balance of the Geneva award among claimants.

House of Representatives.

A resolution was offered by Mr. Cox that the cases of Messrs